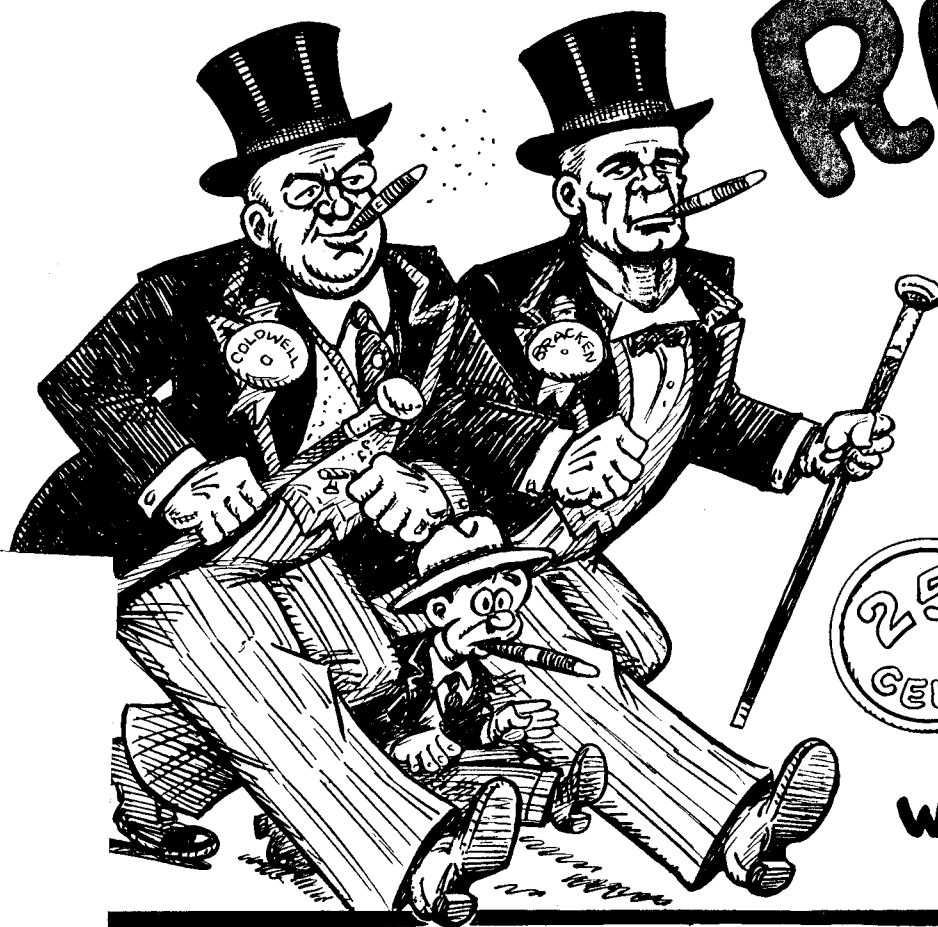


Free Press

THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT



WITH ARCH DALE
AND THE

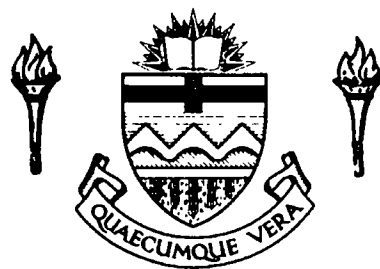
WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

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THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT

WITH

ARCH DALE

OF THE

WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

FOREWORD

TO Canadians who are interested in the gyrations of their political leaders (and most Canadians are, for we like our politics hot) the cartoons on the editorial page of the Winnipeg Free Press have become a national institution. To politicians themselves, the man who creates those cartoons, Arch Dale, represents an important and unavoidable fact of political life.

The newcomer to the battle for public favor, no matter how pompous or self-important he is in espousing the cause of the people will sooner or later find himself neatly skewered on the delicately sharpened point of Mr. Dale's pen.

How a democracy could function without such men who, by the deft grouping of a few curving lines can so surely maintain or restore a proper sense of proportion in the souls of even the most self-righteous politicians, no one knows. No democracy has been rash enough to try it.

So it is that The Winnipeg Free Press is proud of Arch Dale and grateful for an opportunity of presenting in permanent form the third collection of some of his best work. (Companion books on Prime Minister R. B. Bennett and Premier Aberhart have already appeared.)

Much has happened in the last two years covered by these drawings to change the texture of the parties who oppose Prime Minister King's Liberal regime.

In 1942 the Conservative party decided to become also Progressive. Mr. John Bracken of Winnipeg engaged himself to persuade the people of Canada that the added epithet was deserved. His troubles since that time are a matter of record; for he had many troubles, not the least of which appeared to Mr. Dale to be confusion in the ranks of the party itself as to just what Progressive meant.

At the same time the party of the left had its own troubles. As the C.C.F. grew to reach the status of a possible alternative government, if we are to believe Arch Dale, it lost the character of a social movement led by a prophet and became a political party led by a vote-getter.

Both of these radical readjustments meant that Mr. Dale was given opportunity in plenty for the practice of his wit and his art. From his hand the wit flowed in the form of concentrated satire which was neither bitter nor crude. The result is delightful.

April 1945

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The man who is responsible for the drawings in this book is a member of a queer breed—not because he is Scotch, but because he is a cartoonist. Cartoonists' spirits rise and fall at the curve of a man's lip. For instance, Arch Dale is gloomy about the future because of Mr. Bracken's "long Irish upper lip which I can't make smile."

Nor does Mr. Coldwell bring any light to Archie's life for he has too regular a set of features and does not smile much anyway. Arch Dale recalls with relish the palmy years when he dealt daily with Lord Bennett of Calgary, who was then Prime Minister of Canada and with Premier Aberhart of Alberta. But the chuckles of his readers at the cartoons here published indicate that Mr. Dale has overcome with success the cartoonistic disadvantages of Mr. Bracken's lip and Mr. Coldwell's regularity. Nevertheless Archie says that delegates to politi-

cal conventions should pay more attention to the contours of their prospective leaders' physiognomy.

It is misleading to apply the word "says" to the sounds which carry Archie's thoughts to the outer world. For his words must surmount two not inconsiderable obstacles—the inevitable hand-rolled cigarette dangling from his lower lip and a Dundee brogue as mellow as it was when he left a good job in that city thirty-some years ago to homestead in the Touchwood Hills country of Saskatchewan.

He still gets mad when you ask why he decided to homestead. He has a theory that the prairies owe their Scotch settlers to the fact that Scotsmen like company in their misery and they are ready to suppress the truth to get that company. For it was the glowing accounts from his friends across the sea, of riches incalculable to be had from the rich homesteads of Saskatchewan that drew Arch to this country. If the 100 mile stage trip from Wishart to his new home initiated some doubts in his mind, a few months on the land confirmed them, and it was not long before Arch was working for the Free Press.

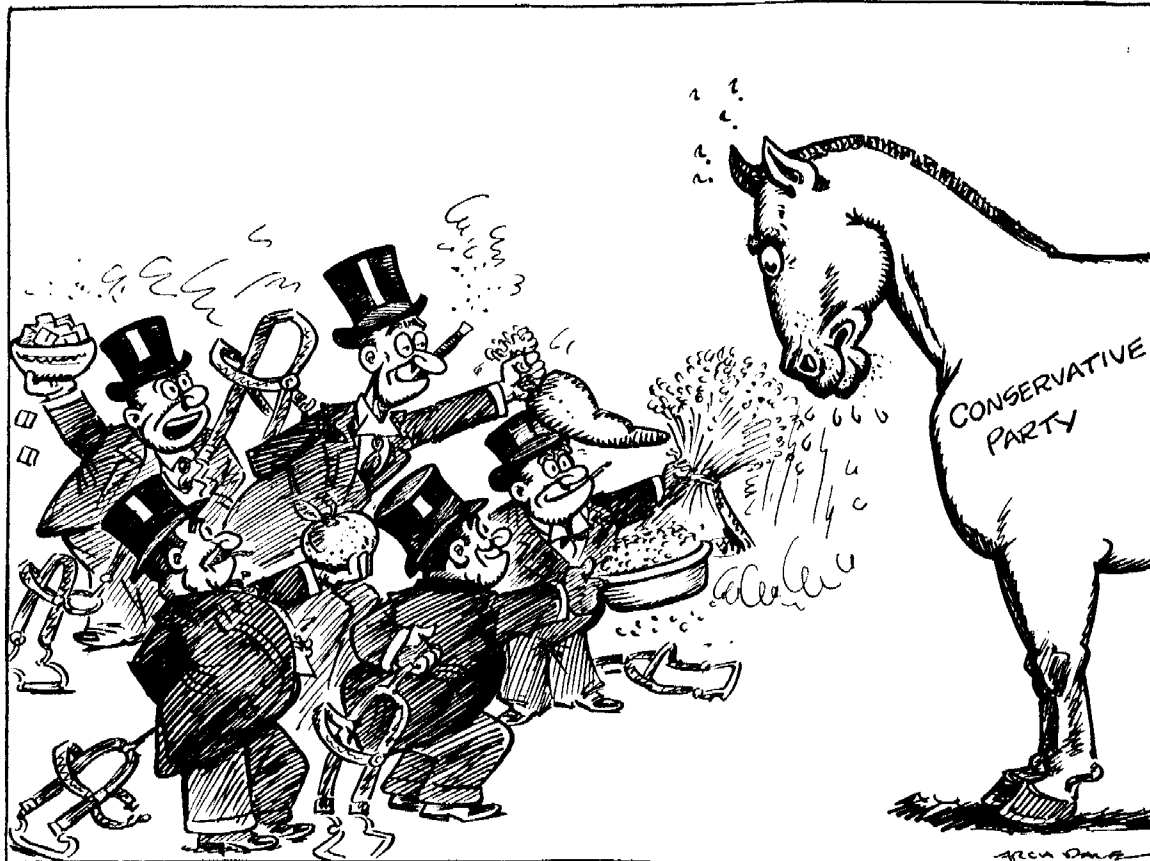
Since then he has left the Free Press to work again in England, where he became fed up with the extremes of richness and poverty, and in Chicago and New York, where he spent most of his time, he says, on street cars getting to and from work. For the past 18 years he has been settled in Winnipeg and he says it's for good. The Free Press hopes so.

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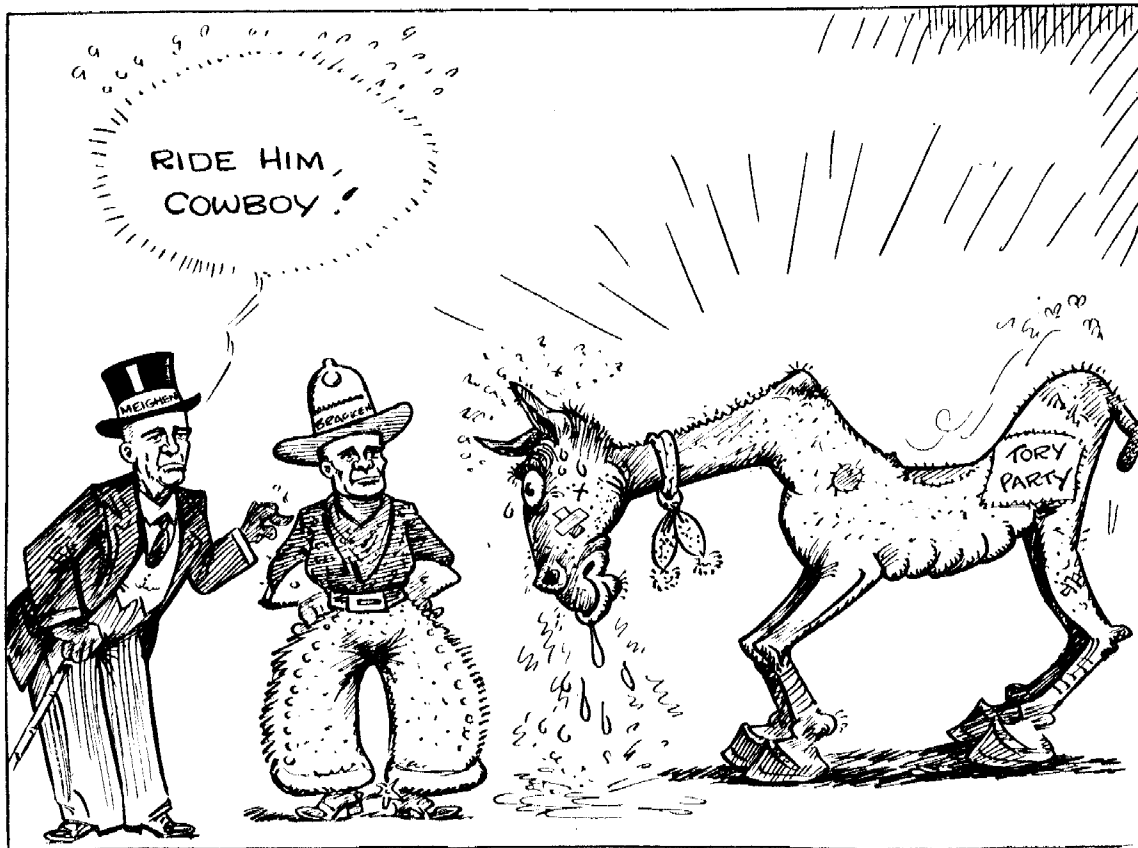
AN OLD GUEST COMES BACK

Mr. Bracken's career in federal politics began with a convention of the Conservative Party (as it was called then before it became also Progressive) at Winnipeg on December 9, 1942. Awaiting the results of this gathering, Mr. Dale pictured the Tory Party arriving here to begin its deliberations.



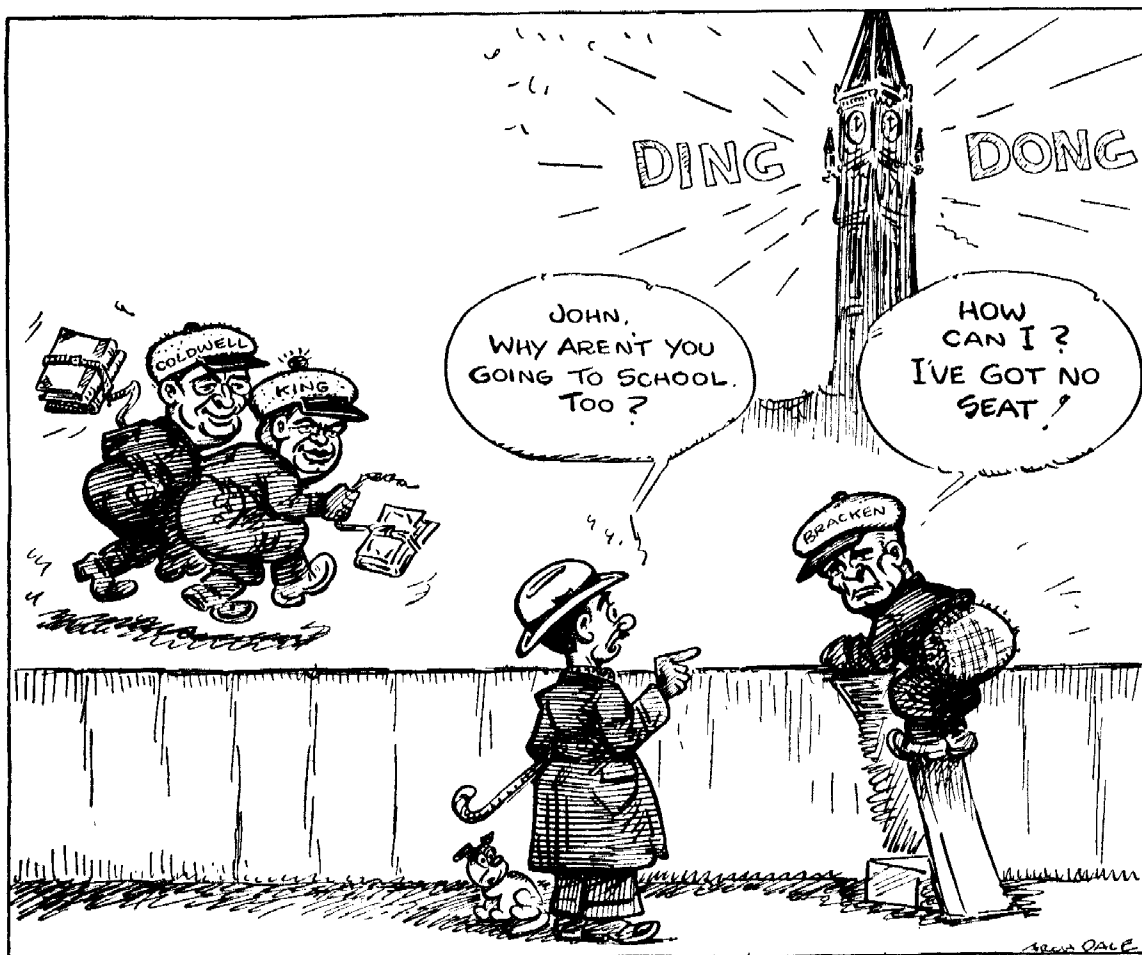
THE BARKISES ARE VERY WILLING

By the day the convention opened, Mr. Dale observed many distinguished gentlemen willing, like Barkis, to accept the party leadership and mount the party horse. Most of them did not get near the stirrup.



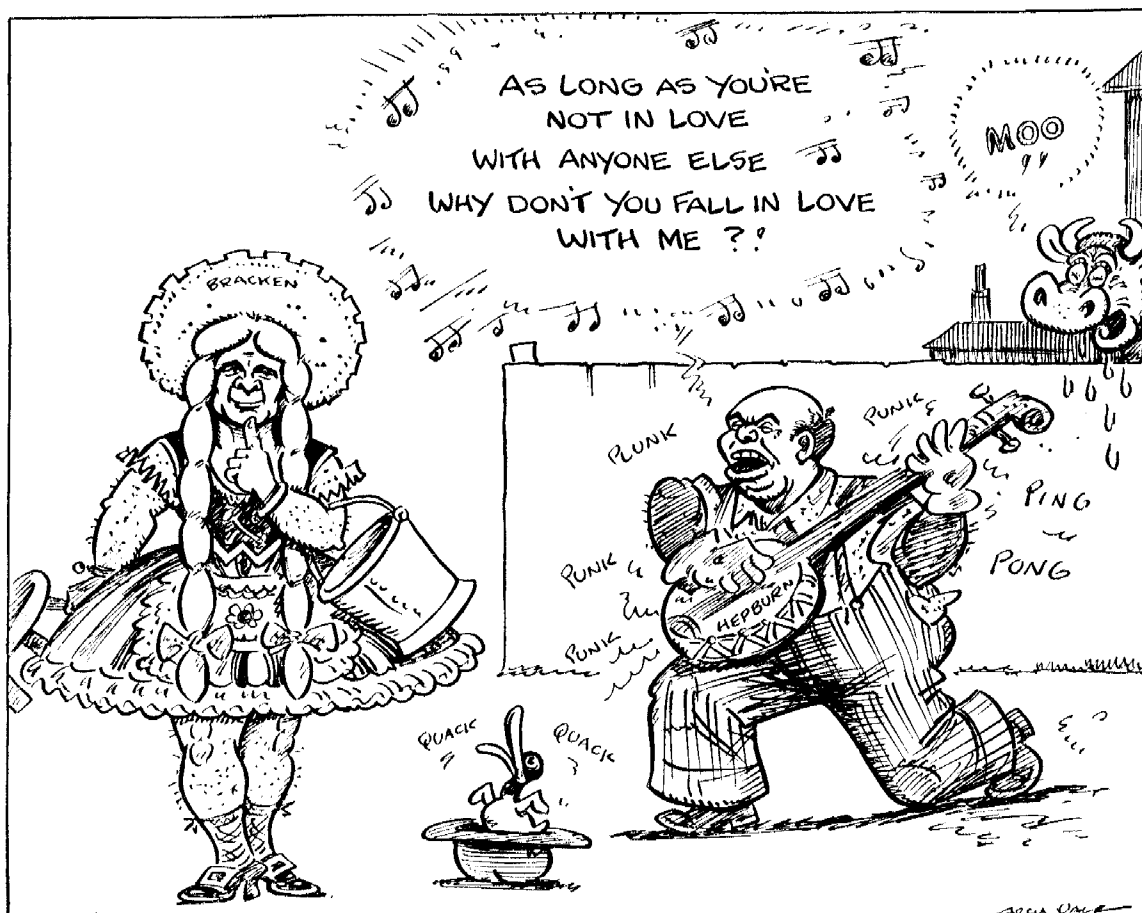
"OH, I GOT SPURS THAT JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Meighen, retired leader of the party, had been making plans. Out of a well-stocked political cuff he pulled his ace card. It bore the portrait of Mr. Bracken. To most Canadians, who had regarded Mr. Bracken as a life-long Liberal and observed his years of warfare against the Conservative Party, the appearance of Mr. Meighen as his sponsor caused surprise. But Mr. Dale apparently had expected it. He pictured Mr. Meighen instructing his protege in the art of riding a steed which had twice thrown him.



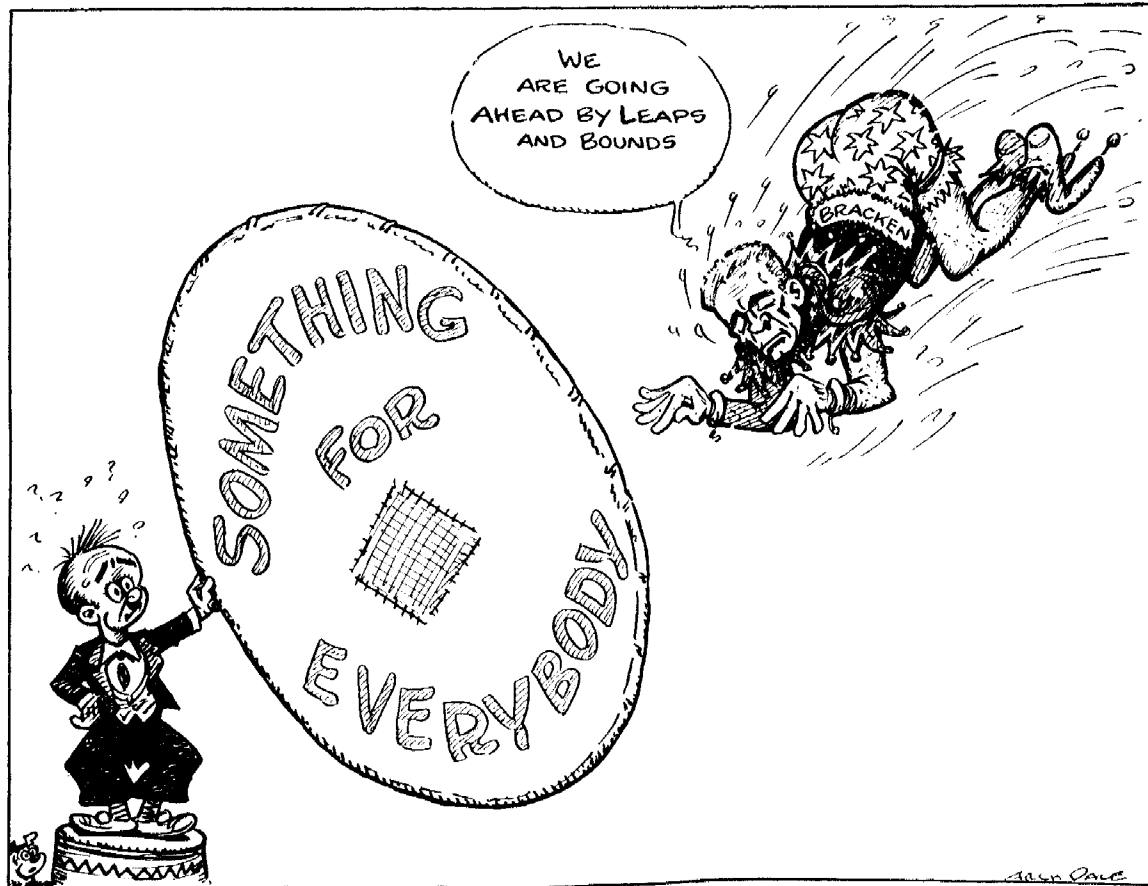
THE TRUANT

Mr. Bracken's first problem, as most people saw it, was to find a seat in the House of Commons, where party leaders are supposed to deal with the public business. But Mr. Bracken did not agree. He refused to enter Parliament all through 1943 and early 1945, the eve of a national election, found him still seatless. Mr. Dale pictured his condition graphically.



SERENADING WITH A NEW TUNE

In his early days of leadership Mr. Bracken attracted strange admirers. Among them was the Liberal leader of Ontario, Mr. Mitchell Hepburn, who perhaps did not like Mr. Bracken more but Mr. King less. Mr. Dale enjoyed picturing this flirtation which, however, was short-lived, for Mr. Hepburn was really on his way back into the Liberal fold.



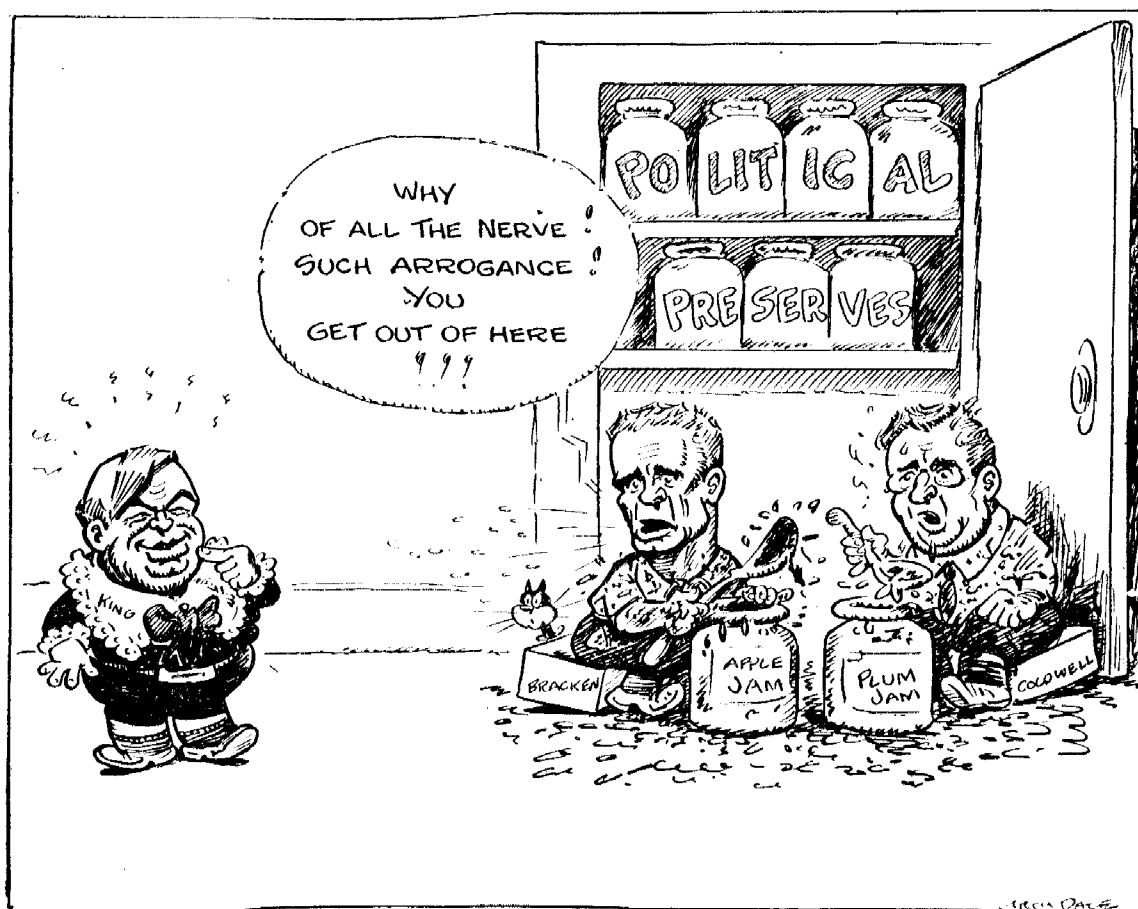
WHIPPING THE ACT INTO SHAPE

Mr. Bracken's first approach to the problems of the nation was to make promises. His promises included nearly everybody and everything. Mr. Bracken announced that his party was going ahead by leaps and bounds. Mr. Dale pictured the leaps and the bounds.



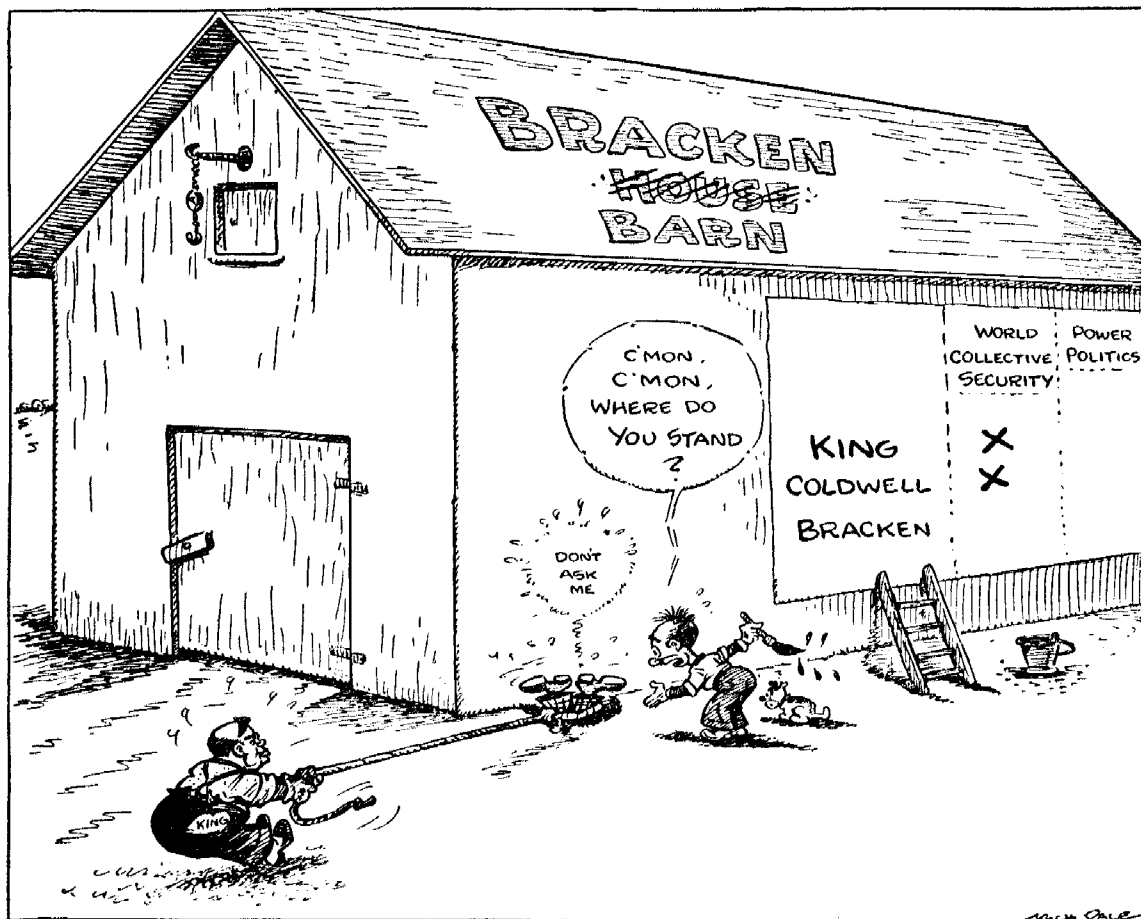
THE CHIEF COOK COMES THROUGH

But where Mr. Bracken, being in opposition, could only promise, Mr. King, being in office, could deliver. He began to sponsor wide measures of social reform and submit them to Parliament while Mr. Coldwell was devising socialistic recipes and Mr. Bracken seemed unable to think up any new dishes.



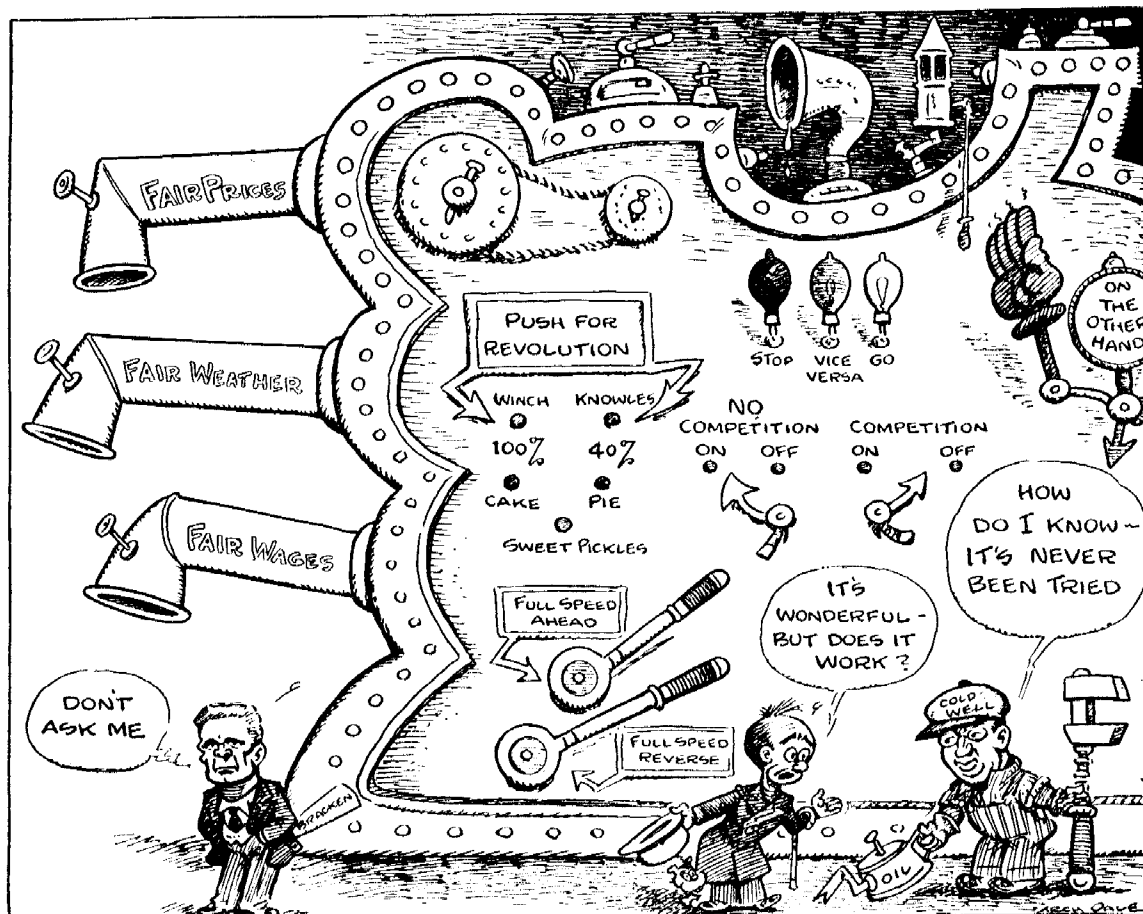
A MOST UNWELCOME INTRUDER

Mr. Bracken and Mr. Coldwell had plenty of leisure to make political speeches and mend fences in the back concessions. Mr. King was too busy with the war for much extramural activity but when he found time to make a speech to his party organization there was an outcry from his enemies. They said he should not be talking politics in wartime. Mr. Dale was amused at this spectacle.



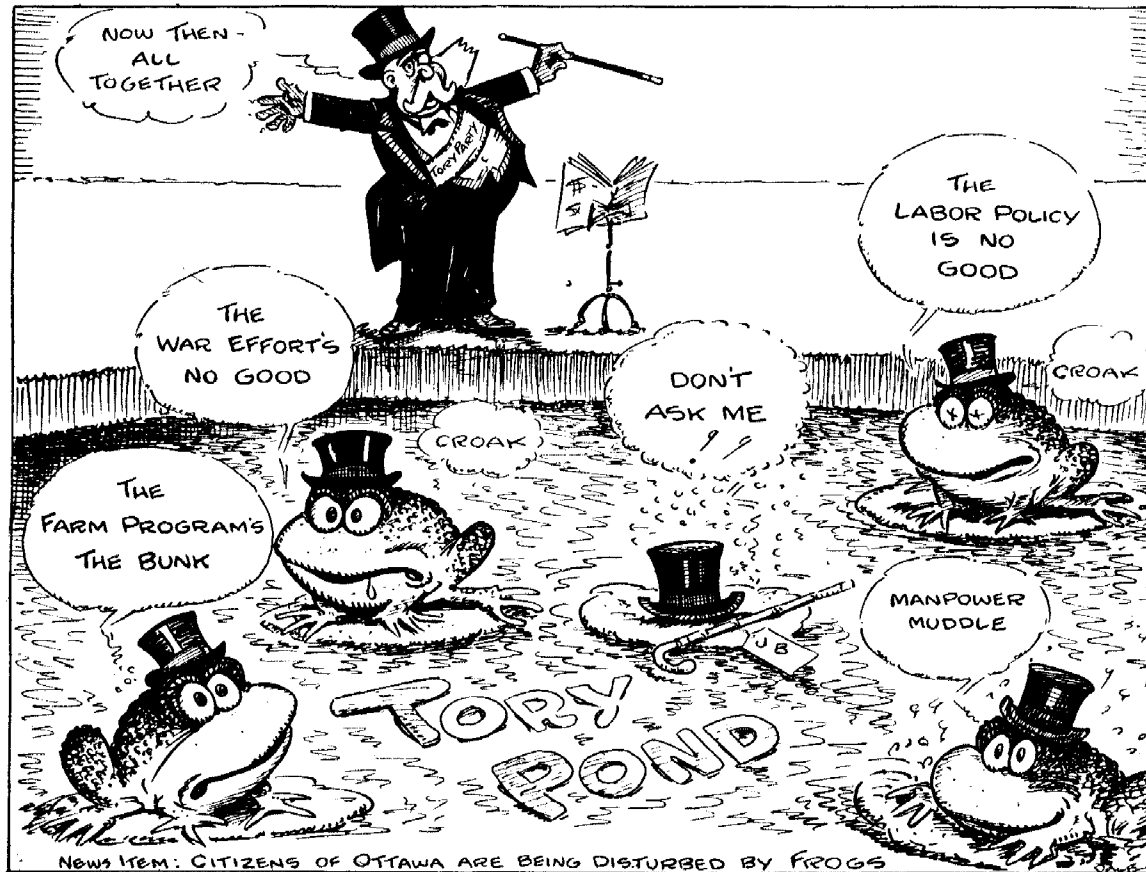
HIDING UNDER THE BARN

By the end of his first year of leadership Mr. Bracken appeared to Mr. Dale to be seriously confused. Early in 1944 a great political issue was created in Canada by Lord Halifax, in a Toronto speech, which appeared to advocate the centralization of the British Commonwealth. Mr. King and Mr. Coldwell both rejected Lord Halifax's reasoning and urged a system of world collective security. Mr. Bracken refused for a long time to discuss the issue, knowing that his party was badly split on it. By gentle digs Mr. Dale tried to get Mr. Bracken to declare himself, without success.



THE PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE—NEW STYLE

So silent was Mr. Bracken on the main questions before the nation that Mr. Dale attached to him a slogan which he could not easily shake. Mr. Bracken was pictured as saying "Don't ask me," to all questions. In the accompanying cartoon Mr. Dale showed the C.C.F.'s magic machine for producing general prosperity in Canada and Mr. Bracken's usual comment on it.



SPRING SONG IN OTTAWA

In Ottawa Mr. Dale learned that the croaking of frogs in the spring time was annoying some of the residents, who wrote to the city council about the nuisance. Mr. Dale, listening to Conservative criticism of the government, thought he knew the identity of the frogs that croaked loudest.



THE ARK IN HEAVY WEATHER

By the spring of 1944 Mr. Dale believed Mr. Bracken to be completely at sea, with many curious shipmates and facing heavy weather. All his large promises and conflicting policies seemed to overload the Conservative ark.



CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

From the start Mr. Bracken's main task was to make good the name Progressive which he had added to the Conservative Party. Mr. Dale believed the party, despite its name and leader, had changed its raiment but not its mind. Here he pictures Mr. Bracken, the tailor, busy trying to dress up the party in the clothes of farmers and working men, and in an assorted patchwork of varying policies, but the disguise seems ineffective.



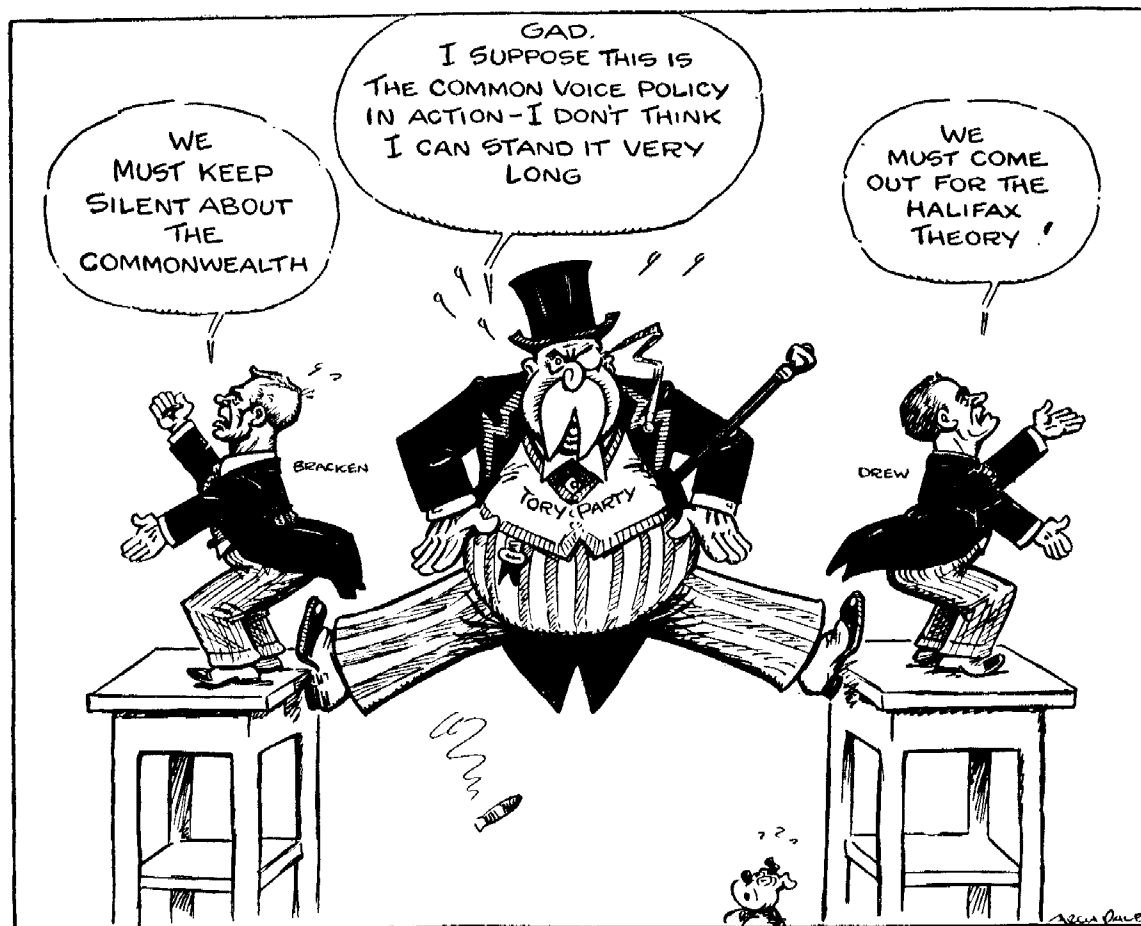
NO NEED FOR THREE RINGS IN THIS CIRCUS

At the spectacle of Mr. Bracken, the low-tariff Liberal, trying to accept the policies and record of a high-tariff Conservative Party, Mr. Dale stood dumb with admiration. He could imagine only one parallel, the swallowing of Jonah by the whale. But in this case Jonah, in the person of Mr. Bracken, was trying to swallow the whale.



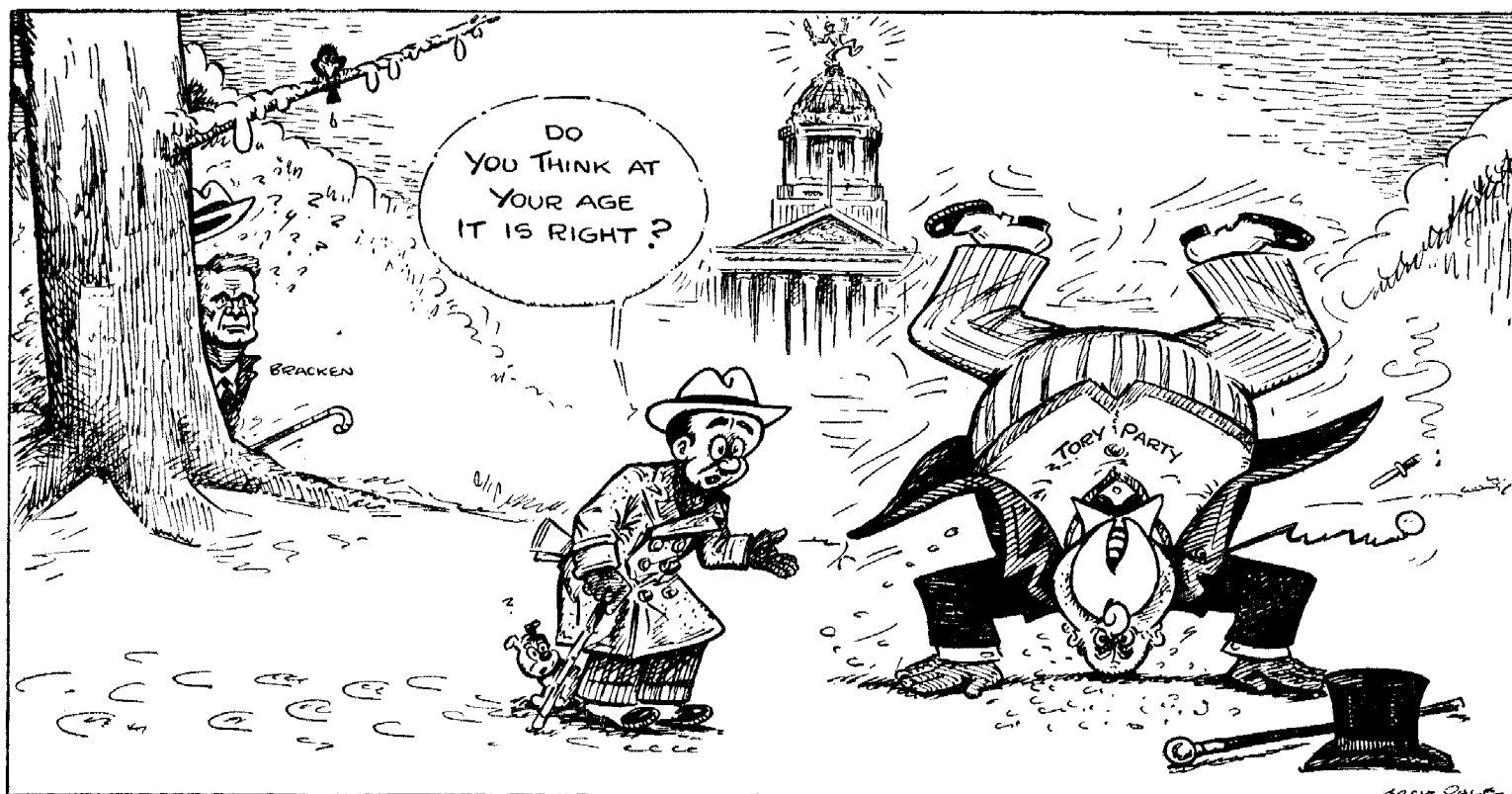
THE LEOPARD CHANGES HIS SPOTS, OR DOES HE?

From the start Mr. Bracken insisted that under him the Conservative Party had been reborn, reformed and re-dedicated. When he announced that the party was full of new blood, new ideas and new prospects, Mr. Dale was sceptical. To him the party looked pretty much the same as before the great transformation.



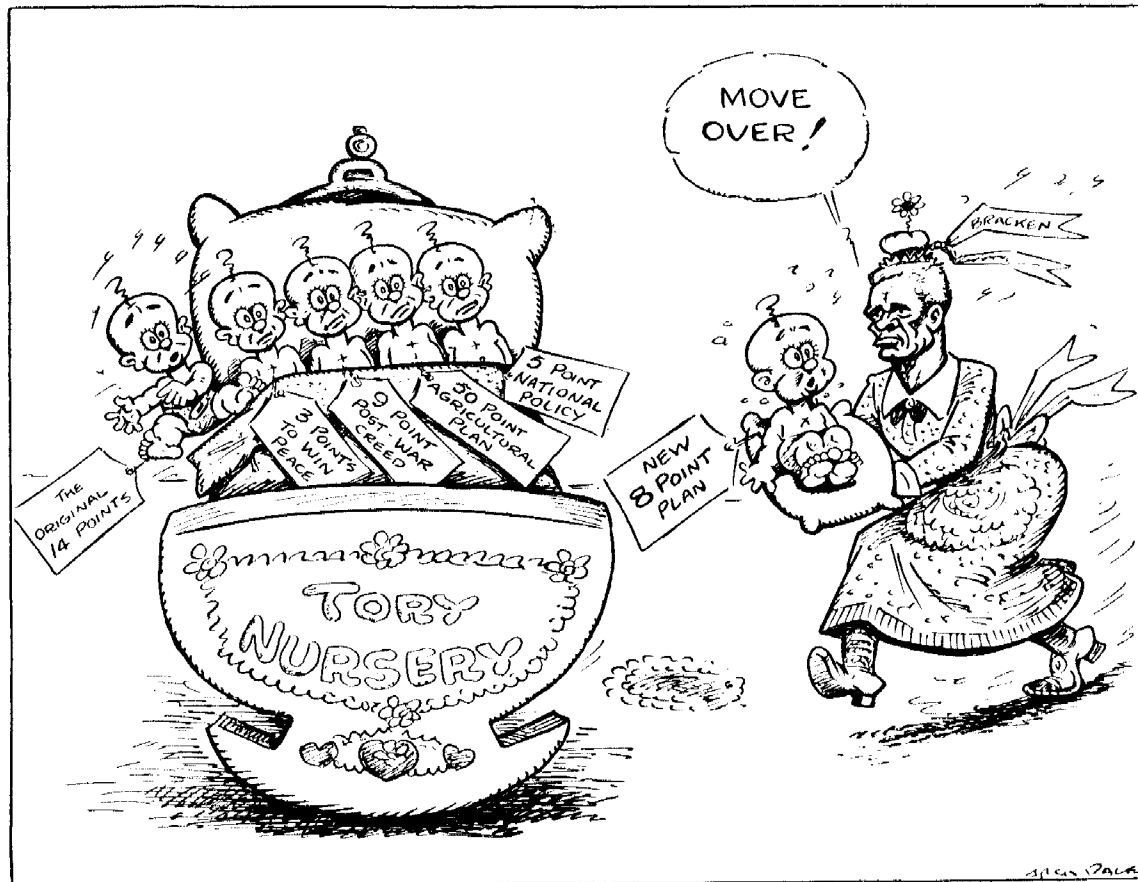
A TOUGH STRADDLE

The pressure upon Mr. Bracken to announce his views on the Commonwealth issue posed by Lord Halifax continued to increase. Mr. Drew, Conservative leader in Ontario, had indicated his support of Lord Halifax. Mr. Bracken said it was unwise and disturbing to discuss the question at all. Between these two conflicting views within itself, Mr. Dale beheld the Conservative Party falling between two stools.



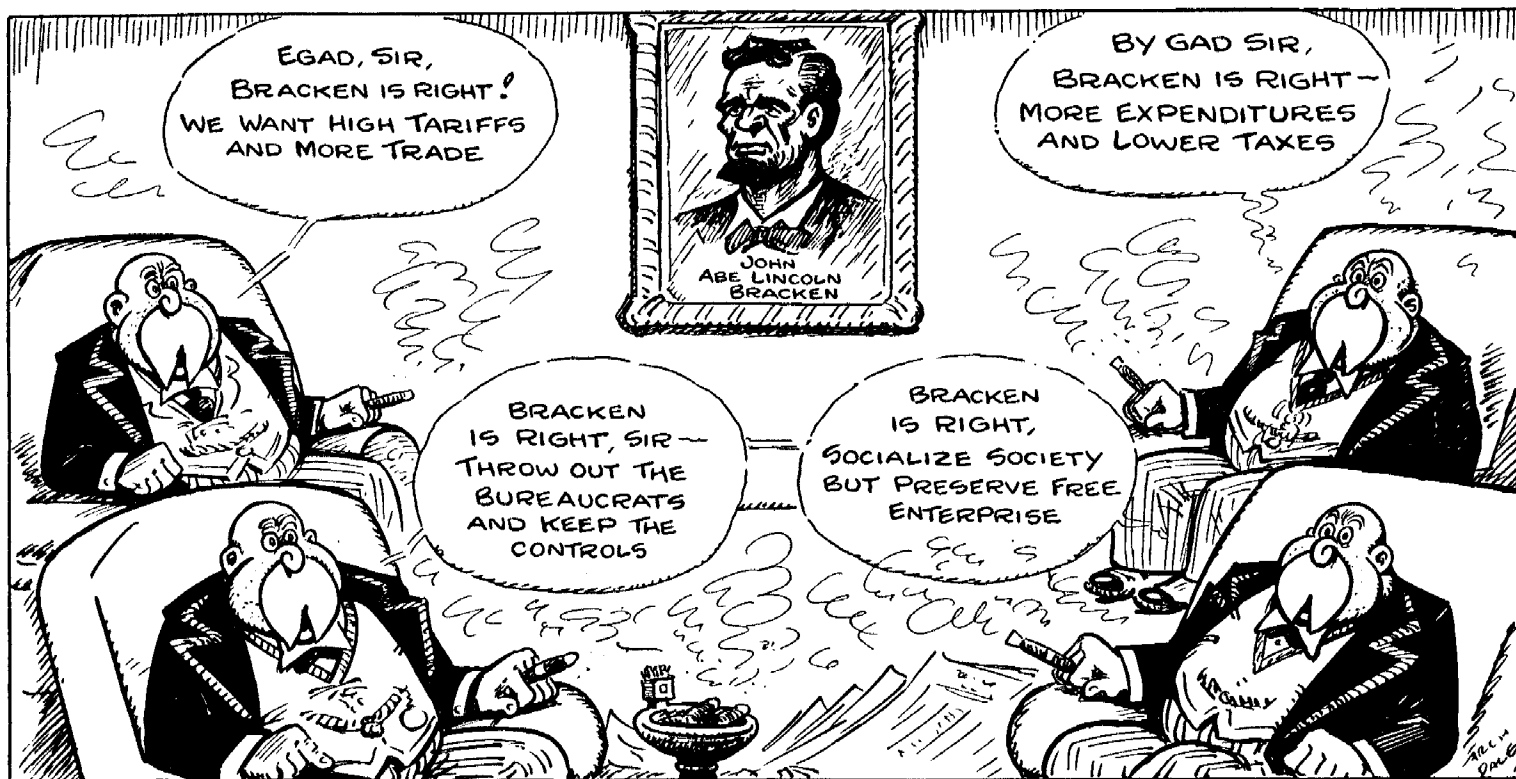
AN ASTOUNDING PERFORMANCE

Things had got to the point now where Mr. Dale feared the Conservative Party, like Old Father William, in "Alice in Wonderland," was standing on its head, with Mr. Bracken a terrified onlooker.



AND STILL THEY COME

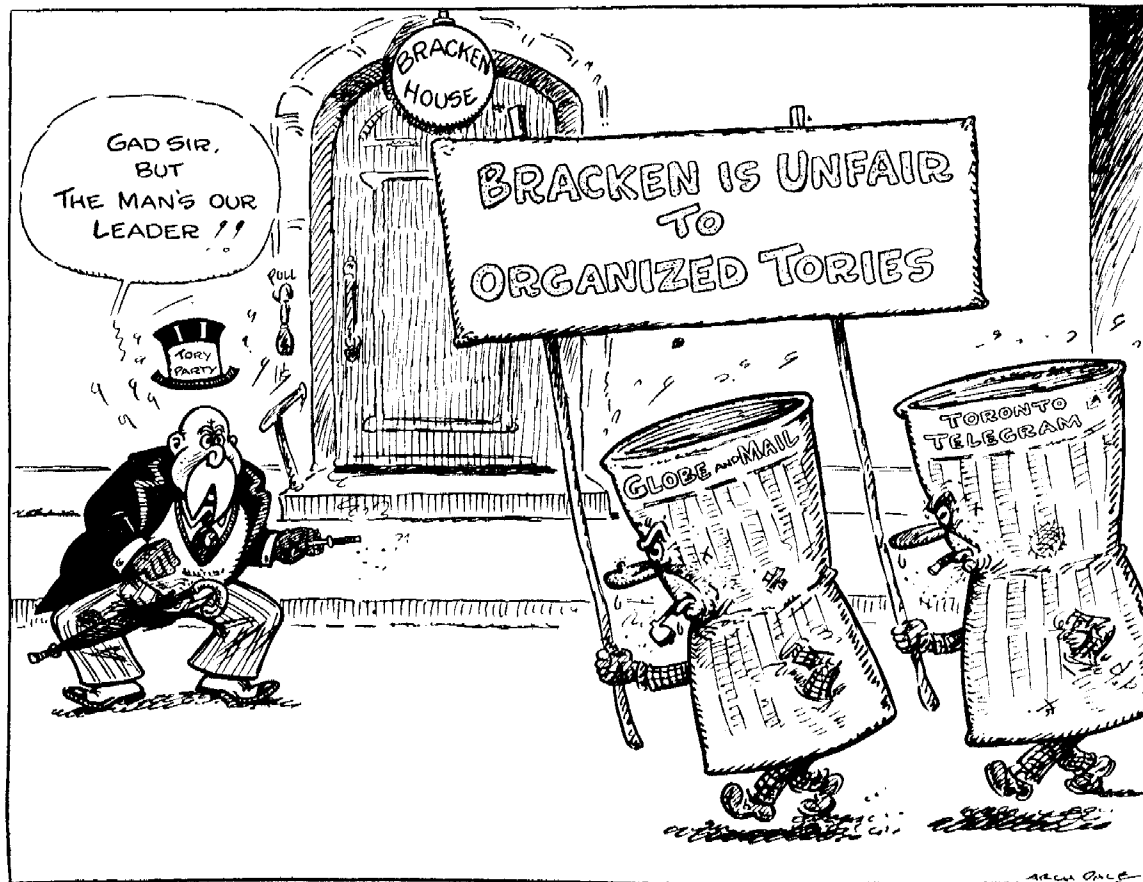
Mr. Bracken had started his leadership by proclaiming an omnibus programme of fourteen points. He began to add new points and new promises as he went along.



MEETING OF THE BRACKEN CLUB

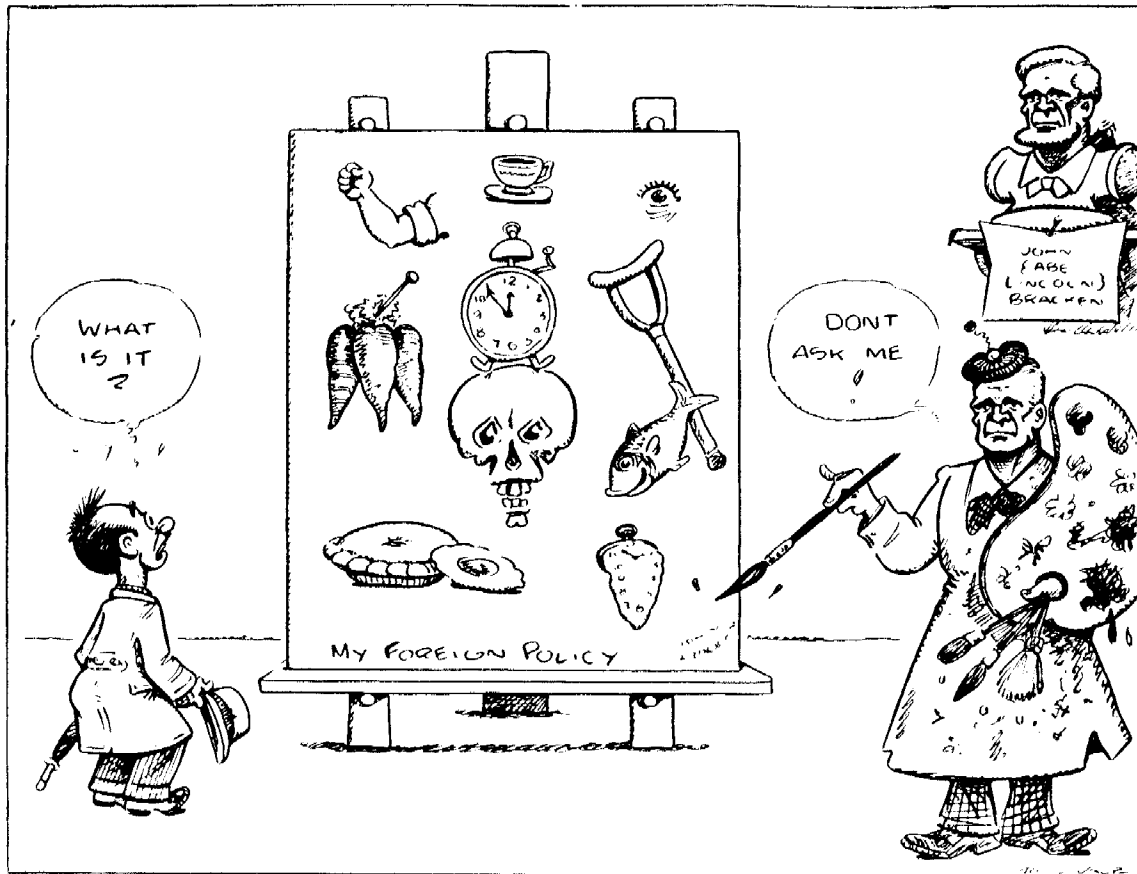
The multitudinous promises of Mr. Bracken struck Mr. Dale as delightful in their sheer contradiction. But the party accepted them all as logical and full of new hope for the Canadian people. Mr. Dale imagined the party, now organized in Bracken Clubs, as warmly approving these feats of paradox.

(Biographical note: The portrait of Mr. Bracken in the background here, garnished with the whiskers of Abraham Lincoln, was not Mr. Dale's idea. He had read the Windsor Star which had sought to prove with photographs that Mr. Bracken resembled Lincoln physically and, by inference, mentally).



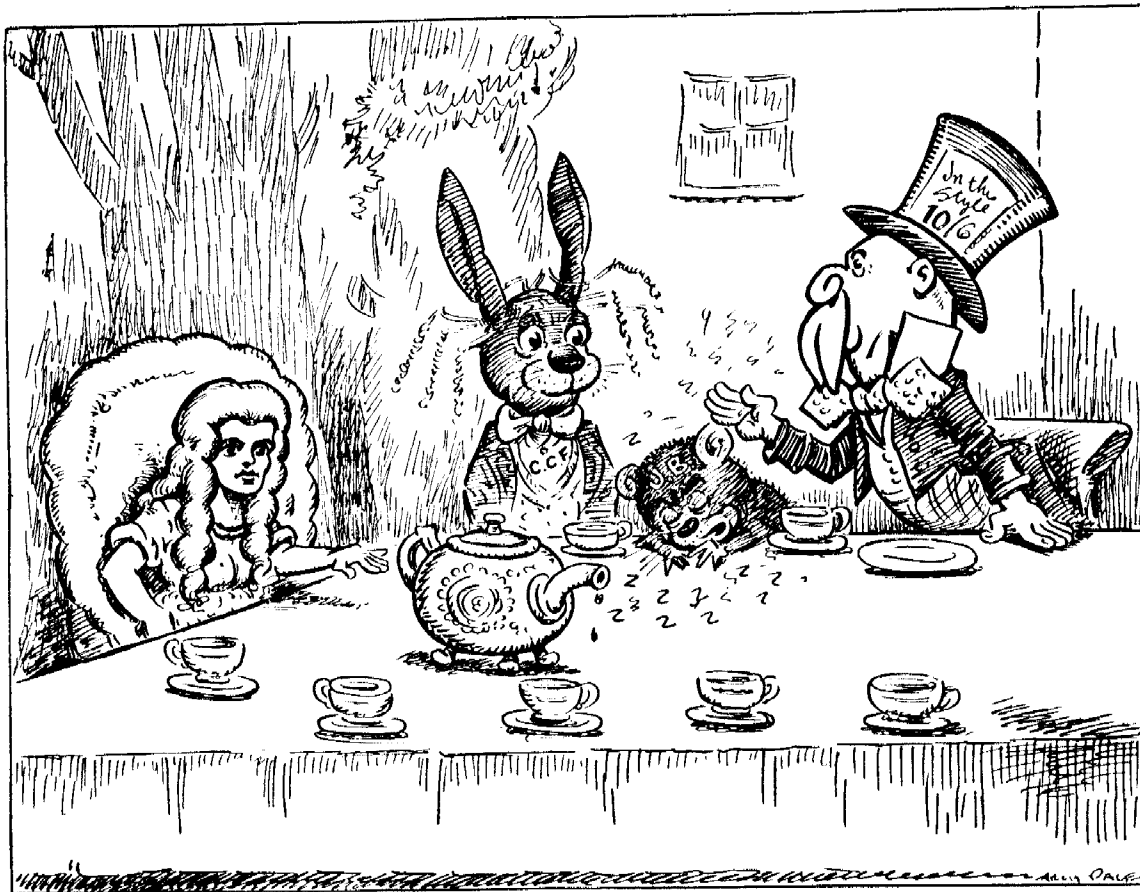
SHOCKING DISCOVERY

Mr. Dale was not the only one who felt that Mr. Bracken's leadership left something to be desired. The Conservative press of Toronto, which had not been converted to Progressivism, began to complain against the new party chieftain. Mr. Dale was amused.



SURREALISM IN CANADIAN POLITICS

The bafflement of Mr. Dale continued. He was an ordinary orthodox cartoonist. He could not fathom the futuristic designs which Mr. Bracken seemed to be painting on the Canadian canvas.



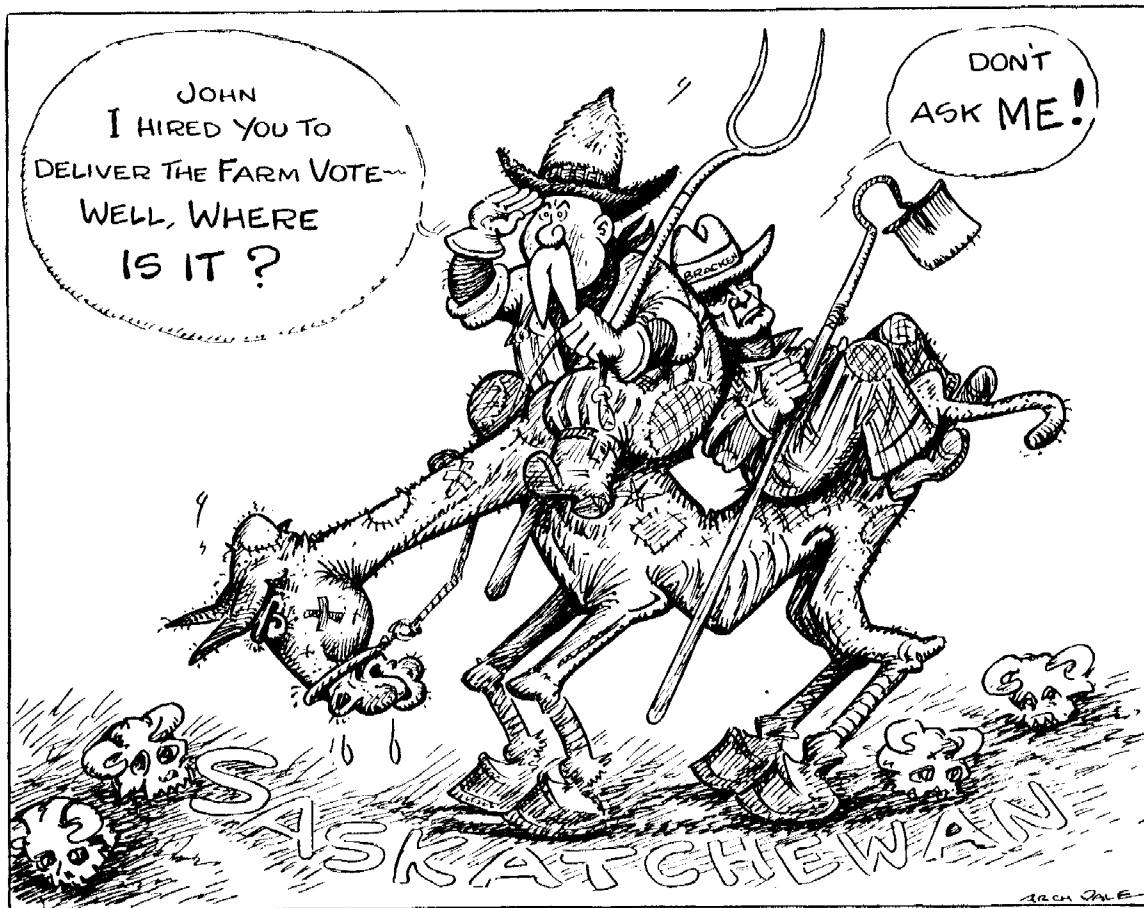
THE TEA PARTY

Only in Lewis Carroll's immortal fairy story could Mr. Dale see any parallel to the current state of Canadian Conservatism. He portrayed it as the Mad Hatter's Tea Party with the C.C.F. as the March Hare and Mr. Bracken as the somnolent Dormouse.



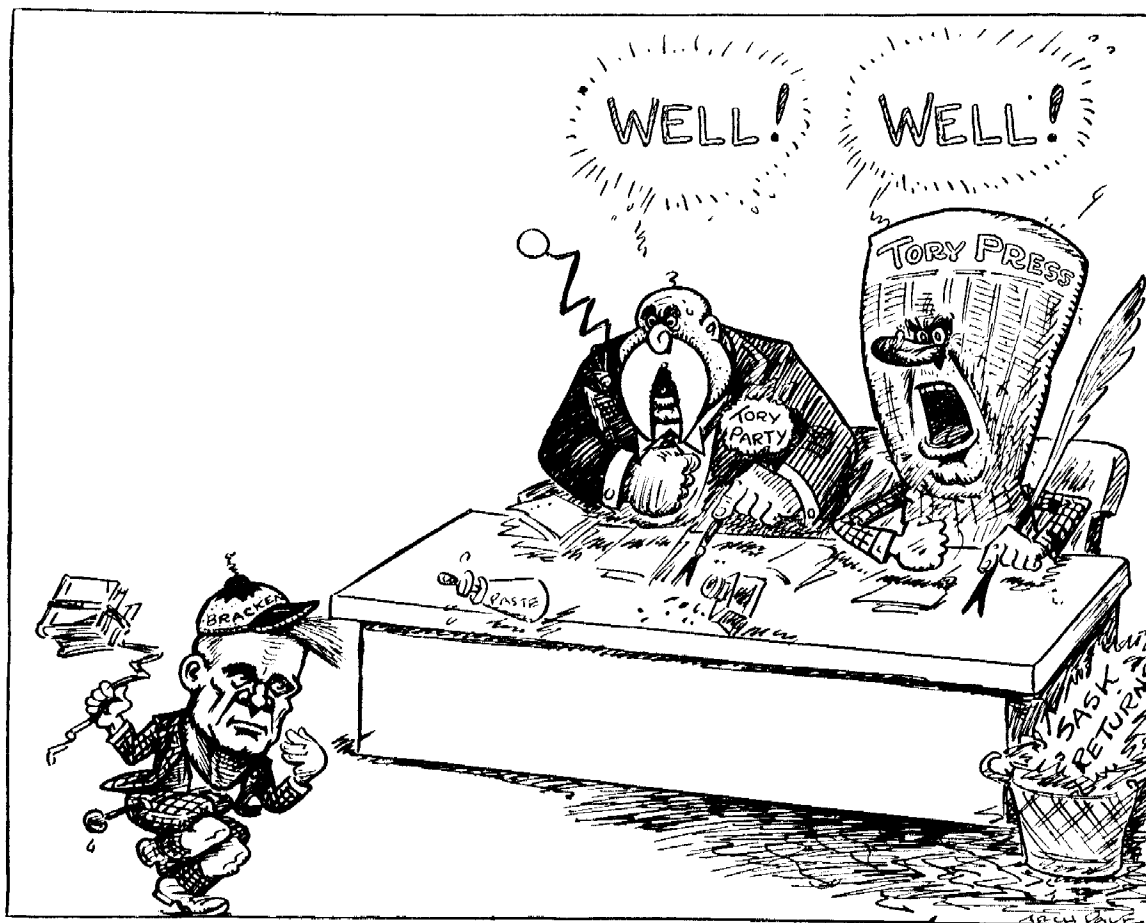
FAMILIAR STRATEGY IN QUEBEC

But more practical politics was under way. There were reliable reports in Quebec of Mr. Bracken seeking some kind of alliance with the extreme Nationalists of French Canada. Mr. Dale noted this secret manoeuvre, which had succeeded twice before in Conservative history.



THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER

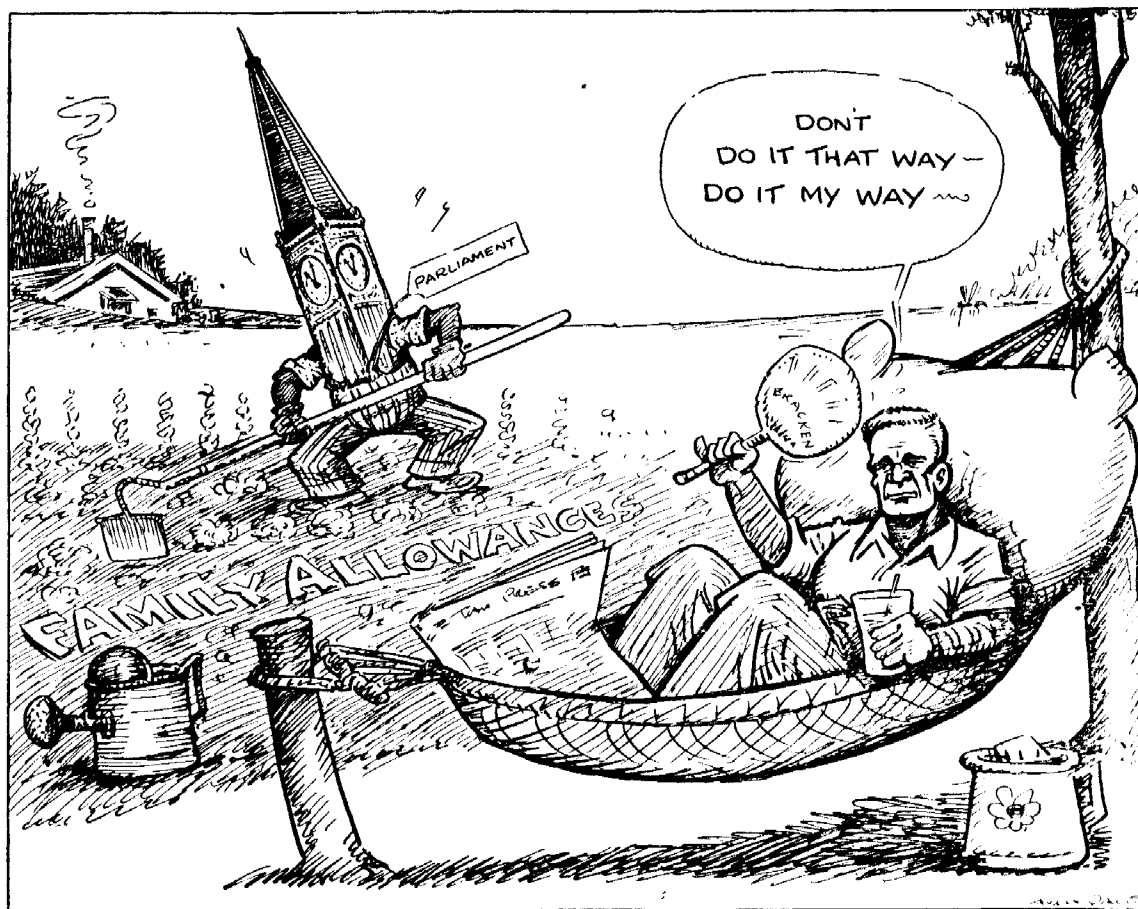
At last Mr. Bracken faced an election in Saskatchewan. Here, if anywhere, Mr. Dale thought, the new leader's strength would show itself. He had been chosen at the Winnipeg convention largely because the eastern party chieftains counted upon him to deliver the western farm vote. It did not look to Mr. Dale as if Mr. Bracken was going to deliver any votes in Saskatchewan. Mr. Bracken evidently did not consider the prospects very good either. He stayed out of Saskatchewan entirely, the farm region where he was supposed to be so popular.



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

The Saskatchewan election results bore out Mr. Dale's forecast. They swept a Liberal government from power but extinguished the Conservatives entirely.

On the morrow of the vote Mr. Dale believed it must have seriously irritated the Conservative high command.



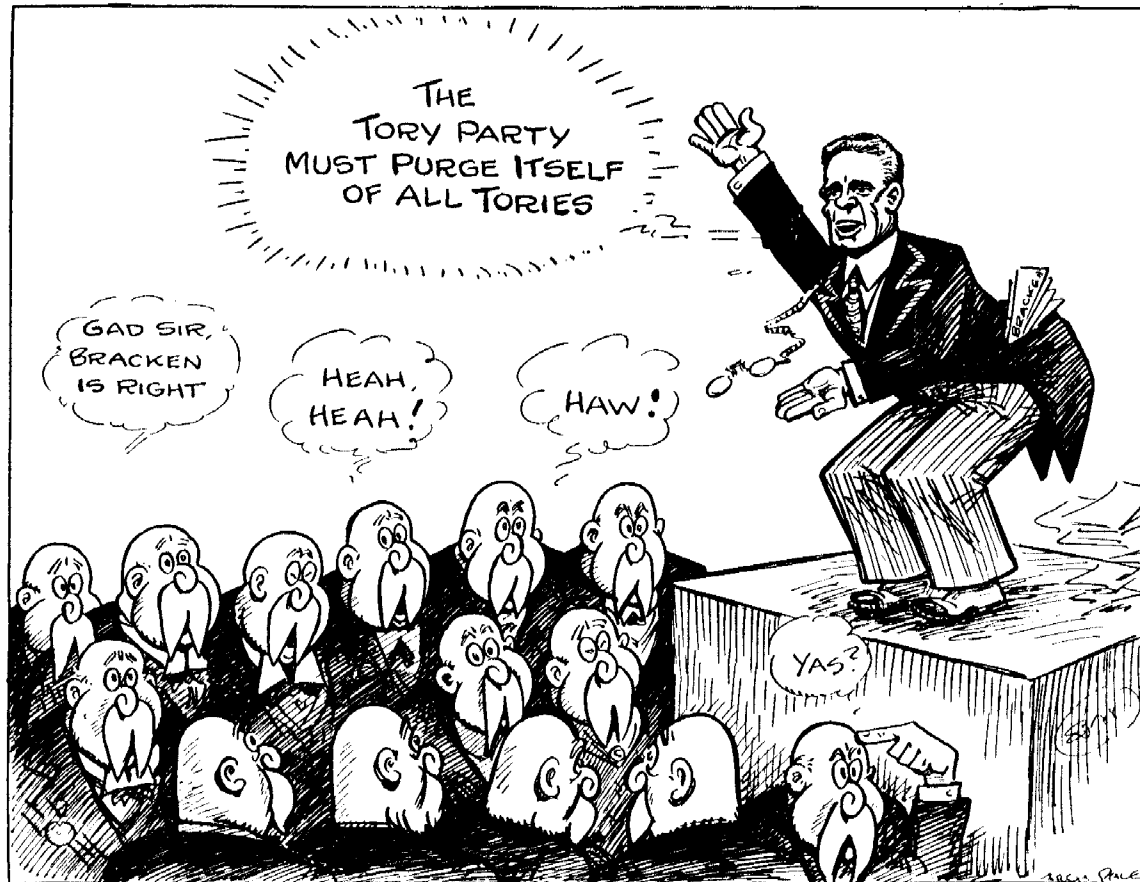
NOTHING LIKE THE SIDELINES

Mr. Bracken had refused to run for Parliament, to take part in provincial election campaigns or to behave like any party leader in Canadian history. But, safe on the sidelines, he was busy calling the government unkind names. He became particularly critical when Parliament passed legislation providing for family allowances.



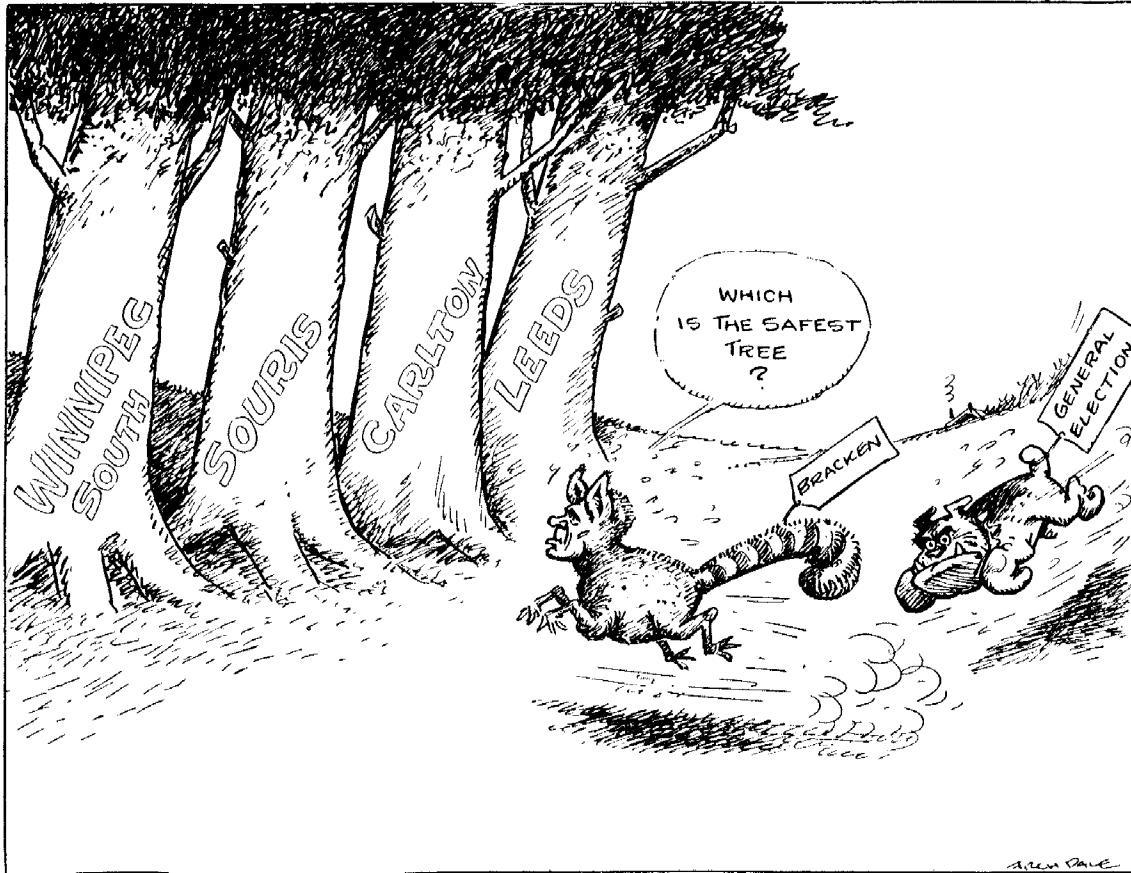
THE PATENT MEDICINE SALESMAN

By midsummer, 1944, the Nationalists of Quebec, under the leadership of Mr. Duplessis, were campaigning for office and, according to Mr. Dale, they carried a flask in their hip pockets. This contained a new political elixir, a private understanding between them and the Conservatives of English-speaking Canada.



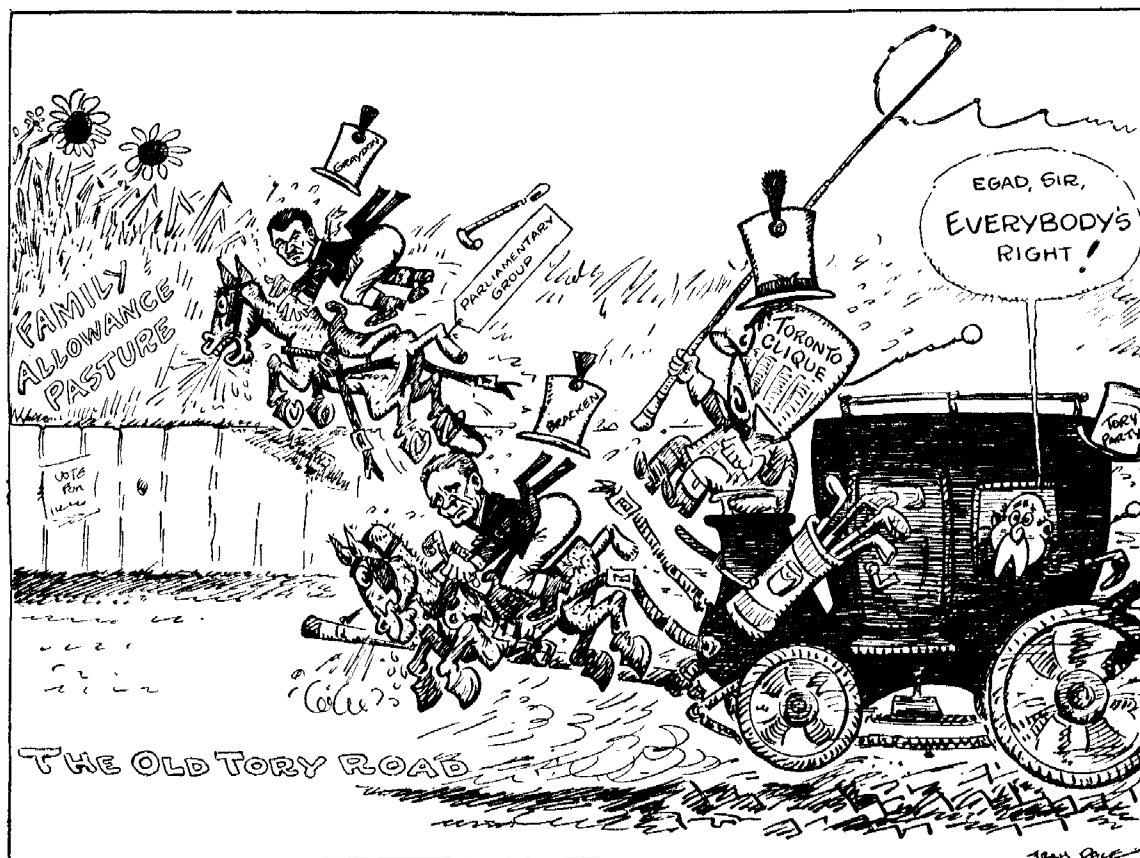
BUT WHO WILL THEN BE LEFT?

Mr. Bracken continued to represent himself as a Progressive who had taken possession of the Conservative Party. When he publicly read all Tories and reactionaries out of the party, Mr. Dale wondered how this purge would appeal to the rank and file; and whether, if it succeeded, any party members would be left.



LOOKING FOR A SAFE ROOST

Under heavy pressure from all sides and with a general election in sight, Mr. Bracken was reported looking at last for a seat in Parliament. Mr. Dale pictures him here as a raccoon searching for the nearest tree.



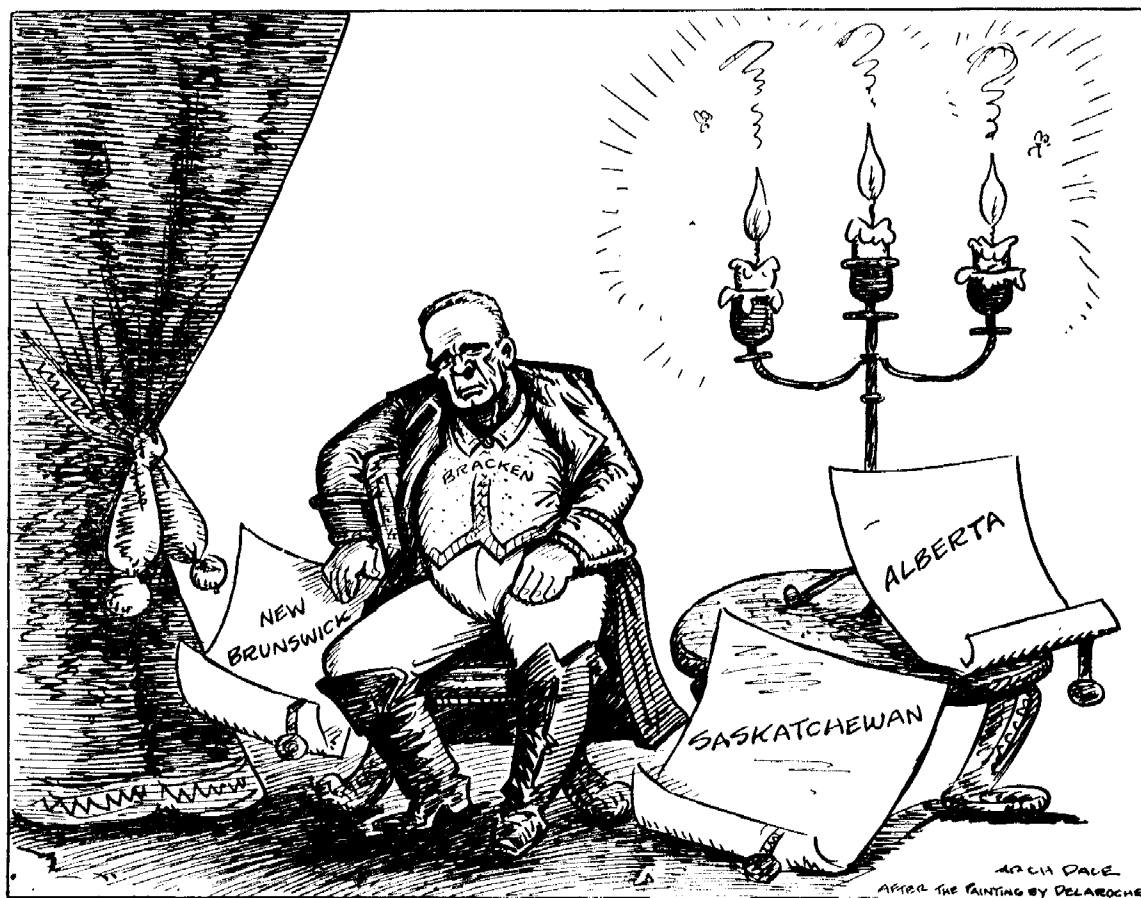
AND IT LOOKED LIKE SUCH A QUIET TEAM!

Mr. Bracken had attacked the government's plan of family allowances. But his supporters in Parliament, under the leadership of Mr. Graydon, supported this reform. To Mr. Dale the Tory coach seemed to be losing a horse, the Toronto clique in confusion, and the party membership trying to imagine there was no real disagreement.



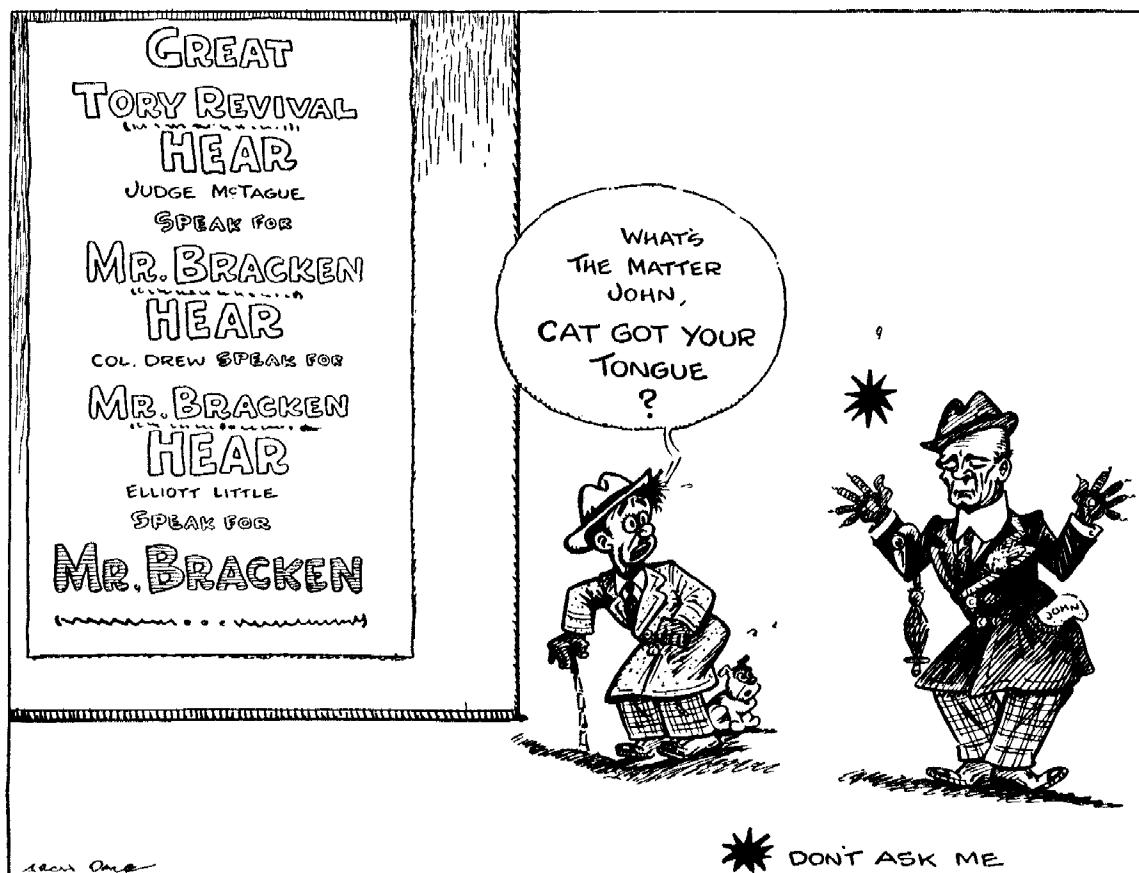
HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

In the late summer of 1944 Mr. Drew, premier of Ontario, bitterly assailed the federal family allowance programme and asserted that it was an infringement of Ontario's Ontario. Mr. Drew was ready, like Horatius at the bridge, to resist alleged federal invasion. But Mr. Dale believed Mr. Bracken to be an unwilling warrior in a battle so doubtful.



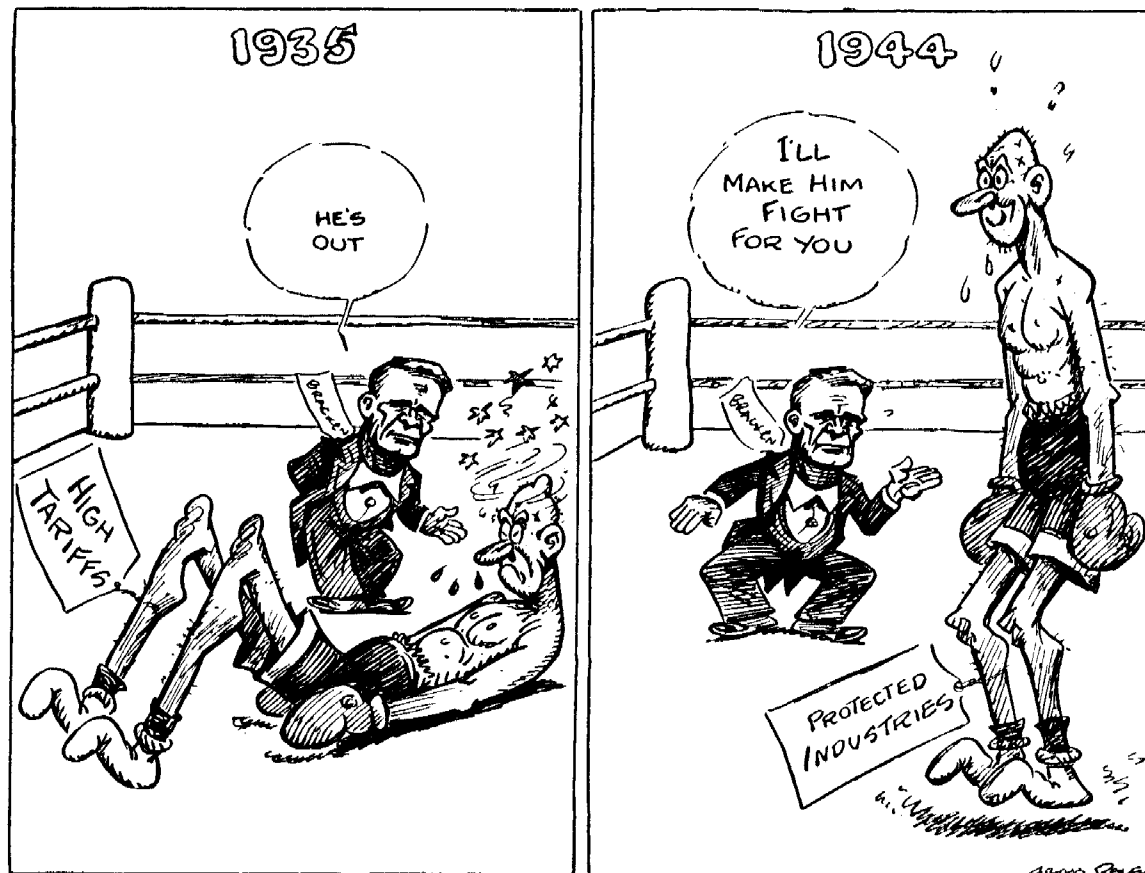
HOW LONG CAN THIS GO ON?

The results of the New Brunswick election, a sharp defeat for the Conservative Party, capped the reverses of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Mr. Dale thought Mr. Bracken was near his Waterloo.



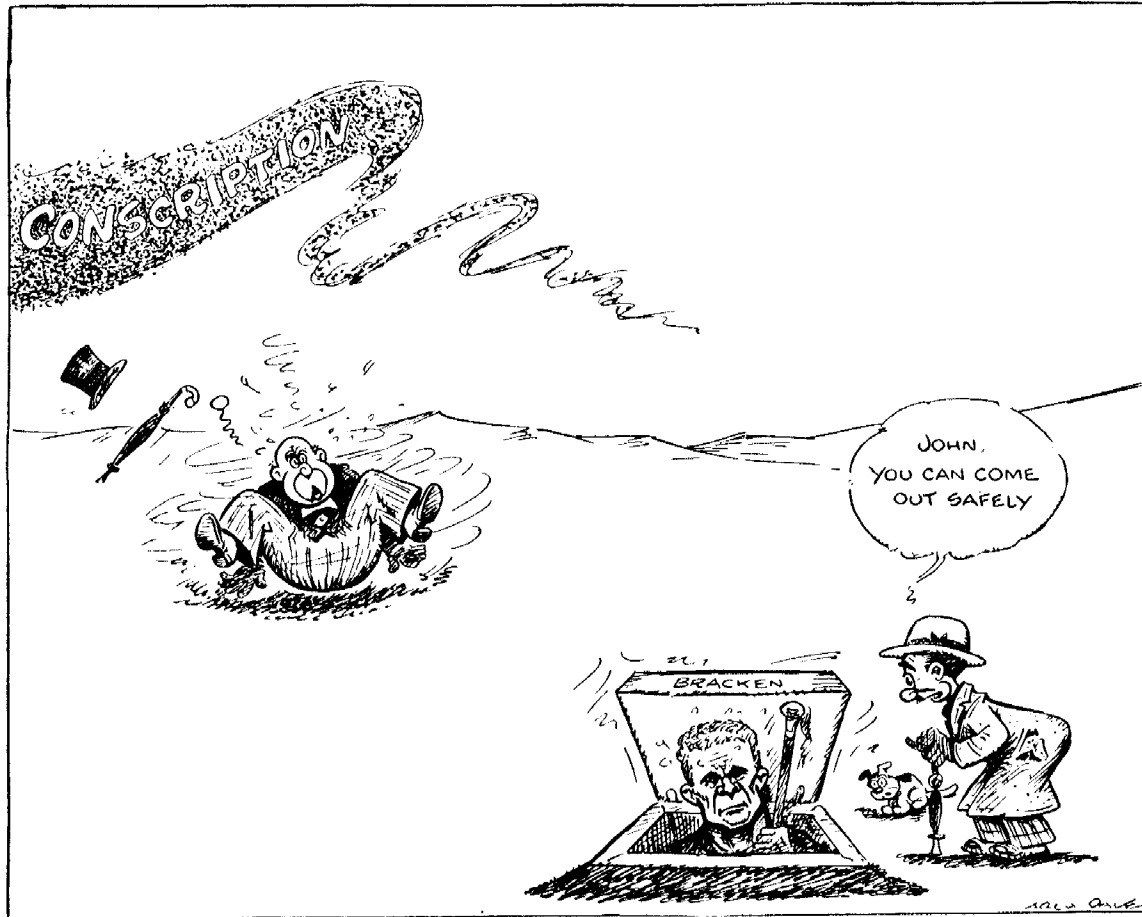
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN

Stranger things began to happen. The altered policies of the Conservative Party were announced successively by Mr. McTague, Mr. Drew and Mr. Elliott Little. Mr. Bracken remained silent in the background. This mystified Mr. Dale.



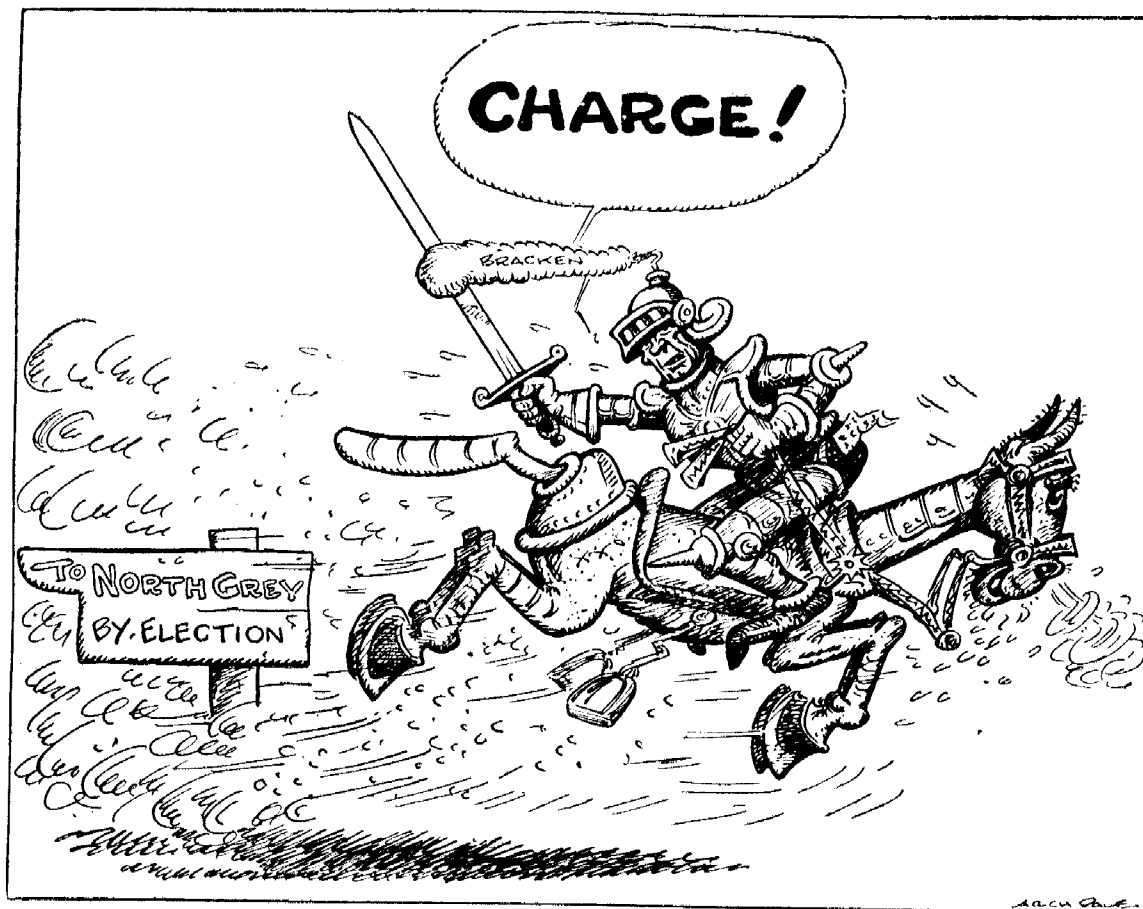
QUEER CHAMPION

Mr. Dale began to think back a few years. In 1935, he noted, Mr. Bracken believed that the defeat of the Bennett Government had destroyed the policy of high tariffs in Canada. But in the autumn of 1944 Mr. Bracken was talking of protecting industries and, like Mr. Bennett, of making tariffs fight for the prosperity of Canada.



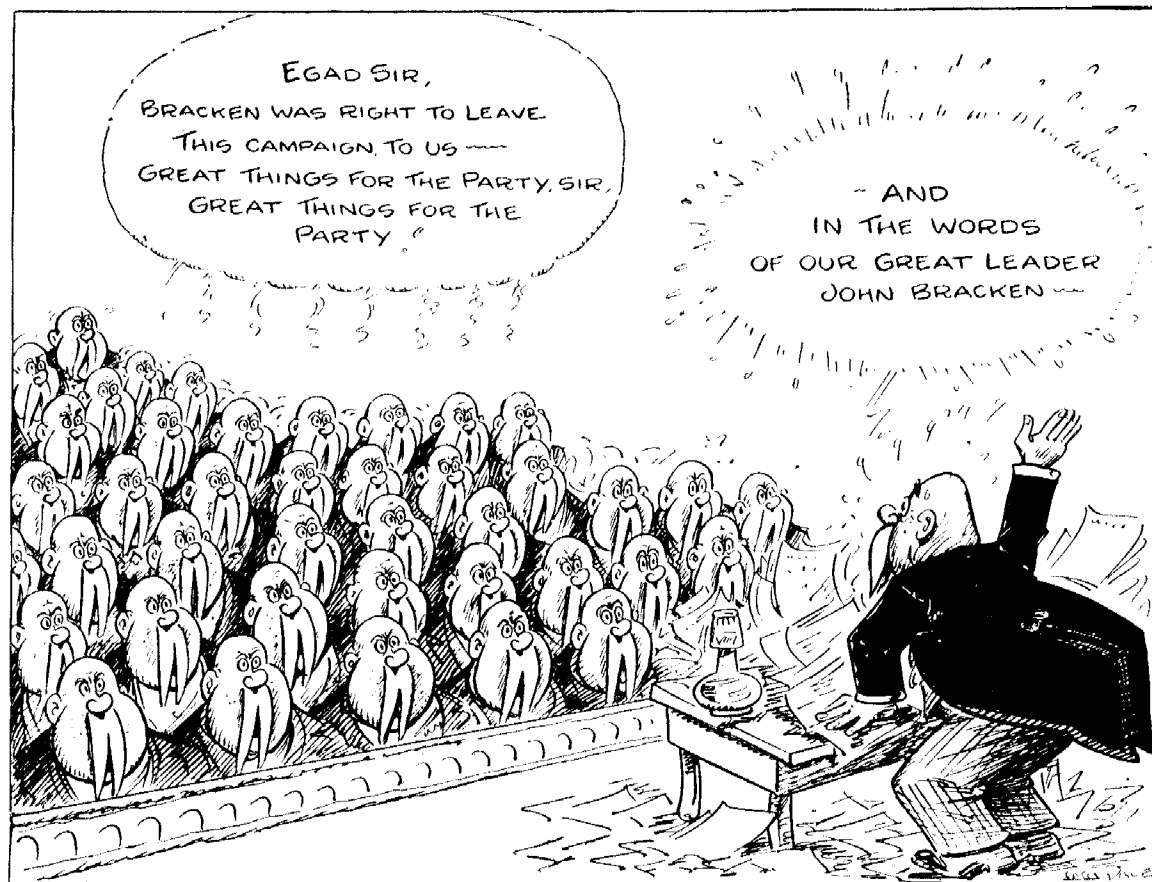
AFTER THE STORM

The latter part of 1944 found Canada in the grip of the conscription crisis. Mr. Bracken, as usual, was nowhere to be found while Parliament struggled with the problem of army reinforcements. But when the storm passed, with the Liberal Government still safely in office, Mr. Dale informed Mr. Bracken that he could safely emerge now from his storm cellar.



THE FIGHTING LEADER

When the North Grey by-election exploded in the political kingdom, Mr. Bracken was discovered unaccountably in Europe where he stayed until the last moment. Mr. Dale decided that this prairie knight in shining armour must have mounted his charger backwards.



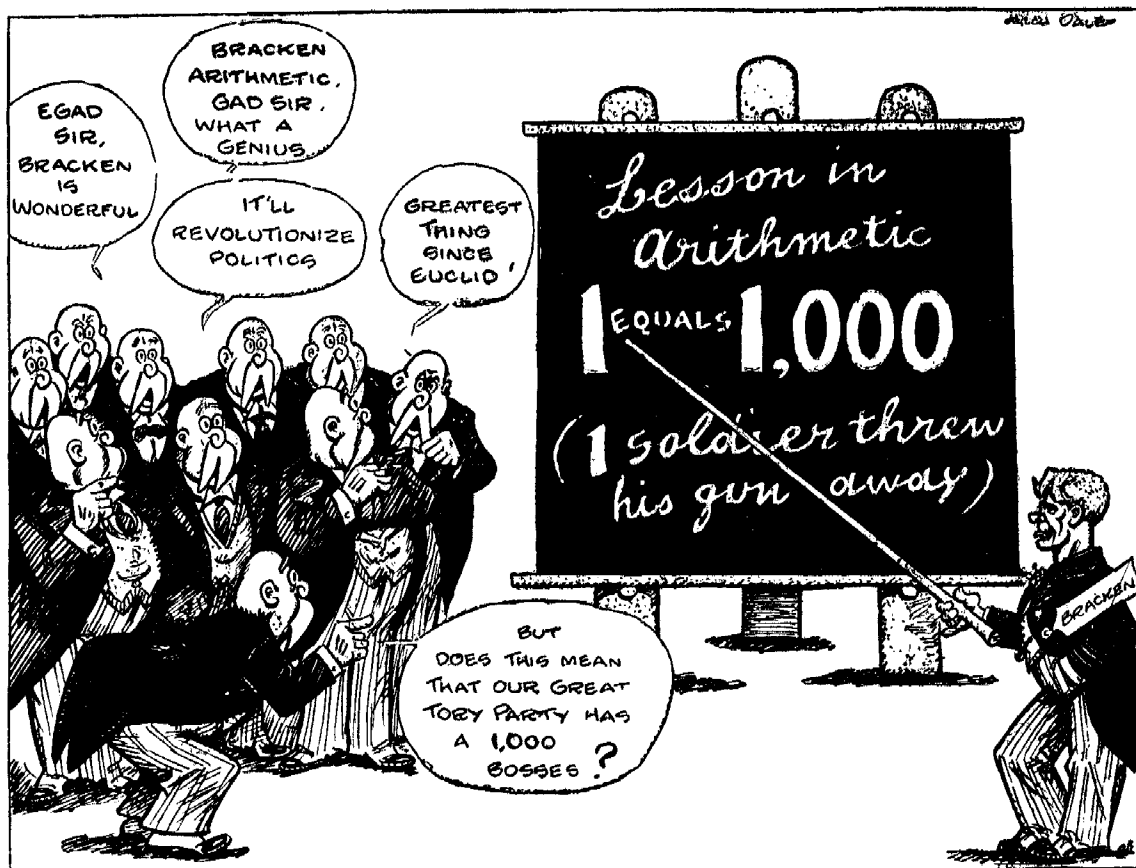
NORTH GREY MEETING

However, old-line Tories undaunted by the absence of their great progressive spirit moved into the lists in his stead. It seemed to Mr. Dale that their opinions were found much more acceptable by the party than any of Mr. Bracken's had ever been.



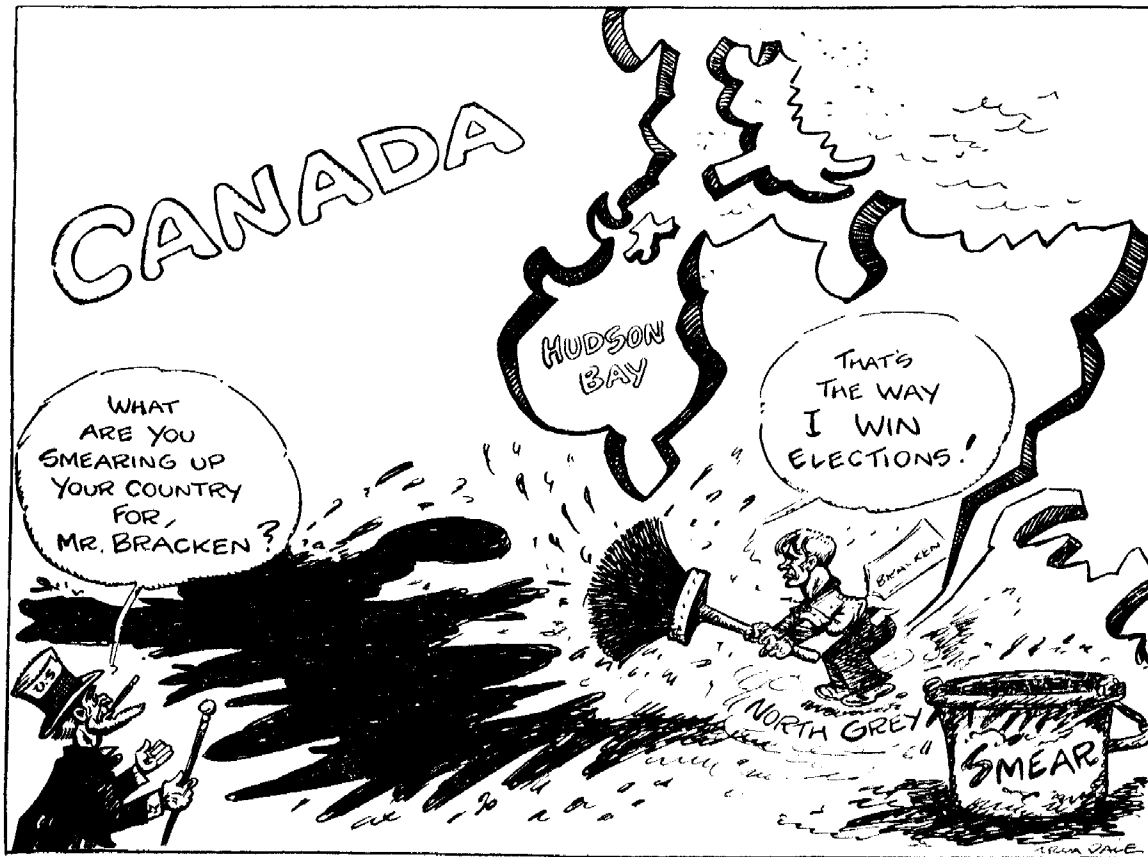
UNWILLING BATHER

Later in the campaign the party bosses decided that Honest John should finish with one coup the campaign which they had so admirably started. Although Mr. Bracken arrived in Montreal in dramatic fashion aboard an airliner, Mr. Dale had the feeling that he was not so anxious to plunge into the cold waters of the bitter campaign as his followers thought.



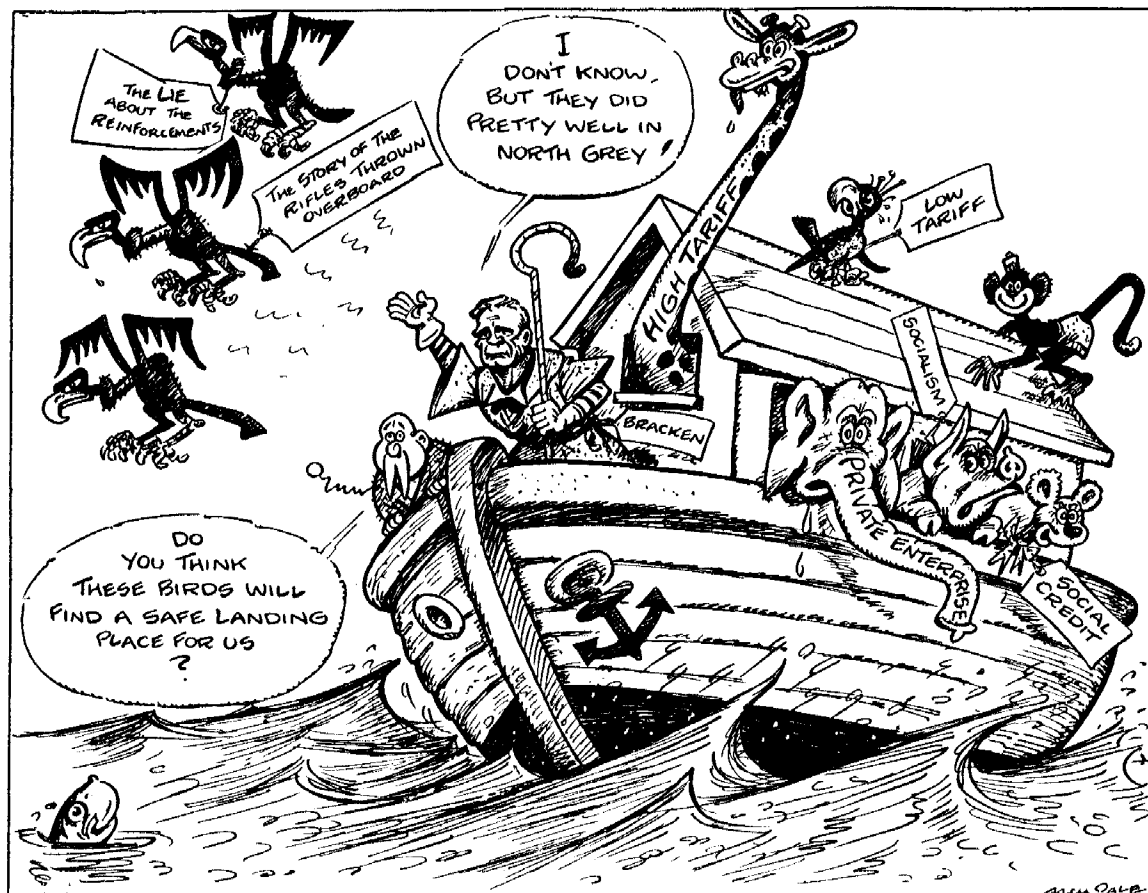
BRACKEN ARITHMETIC

But if he was loath to enter the water, Mr. Bracken warmed it up once he got in by asking General McNaughton why he did not tell the voters about the thousands of reinforcements who had thrown their rifles and kits into the Atlantic when they were enroute to the fighting fronts. After investigation the minister of defence said that Mr. Bracken's story had been based upon the actions of but one misguided soldier who thought that by getting rid of his kit he could avoid fighting Germans. To Mr. Dale this "one-equals-a-thousand" kind of arithmetic was something new and important which should be carefully considered. Did it mean, for instance that the Tory party had a thousand bosses? he asked himself.



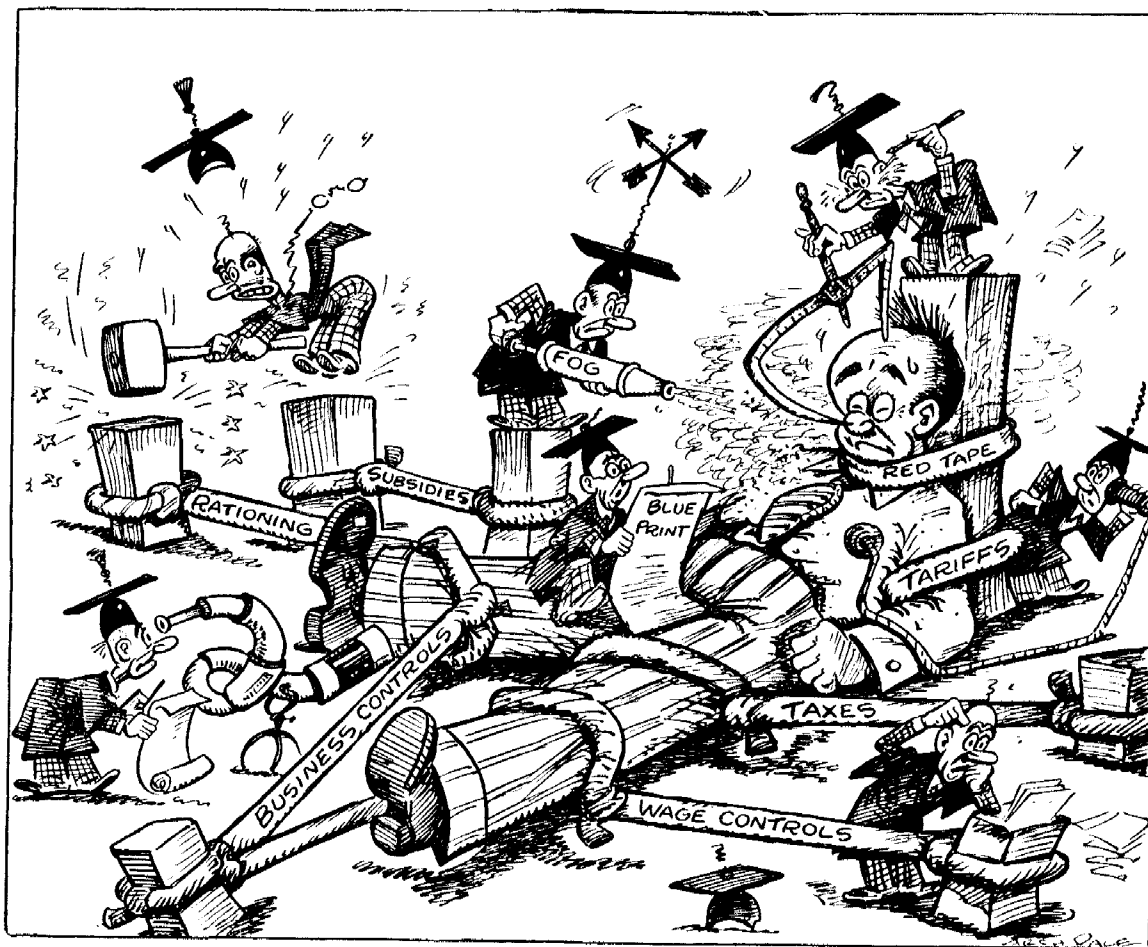
TELLING THE NEIGHBOURS ABOUT CANADA

The charge moved faster than its denial and isolationists in the United States took it up. In a few days the thousands referred to by Mr. Bracken had become "sixteen thousand" and Canada's reputation suffered accordingly. Mr. Dale decided that the only explanation of Mr. Bracken's performance was that he had wanted to win in North Grey as, in fact, he had.



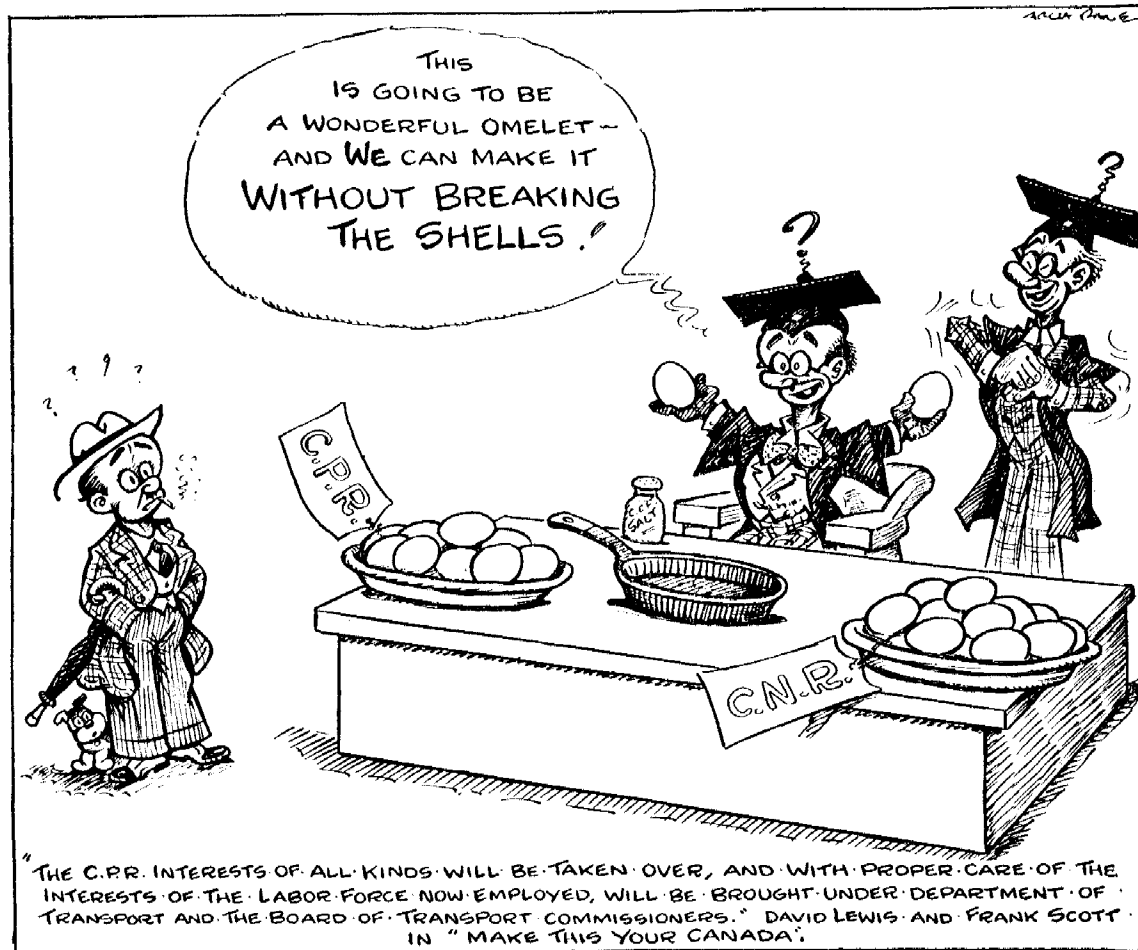
HOPING FOR THE BEST

Mr. Bracken's activities during the by-election had a lesson for Mr. Dale which he drew in this cartoon. The pilot of the Tory Ark had finally found something to guide his strangely peopled craft over the dark waters of a general election campaign. For almost his entire career in federal politics Mr. Bracken's quickest answer was "Don't ask me." Now he was steering by the peculiarly sinister doves which had won what he fondly hoped had been the first round.



"MAKE THIS YOUR CANADA"

If adherents to socialism found all the arguments they wanted in the C.C.F. handbook, published in the fall of 1943, so did Mr. Dale find all the arguments he wanted. As a preliminary judgement of the kind of Canada which the two authors wanted Mr. Dale to make his, he drew this cartoon. If the C.C.F. ever got into power he decided Mr. Canada would wake up one morning to discover himself bound hand and foot with the twine of government control and a horde of Lilliputian professors of the left examining his every reaction.



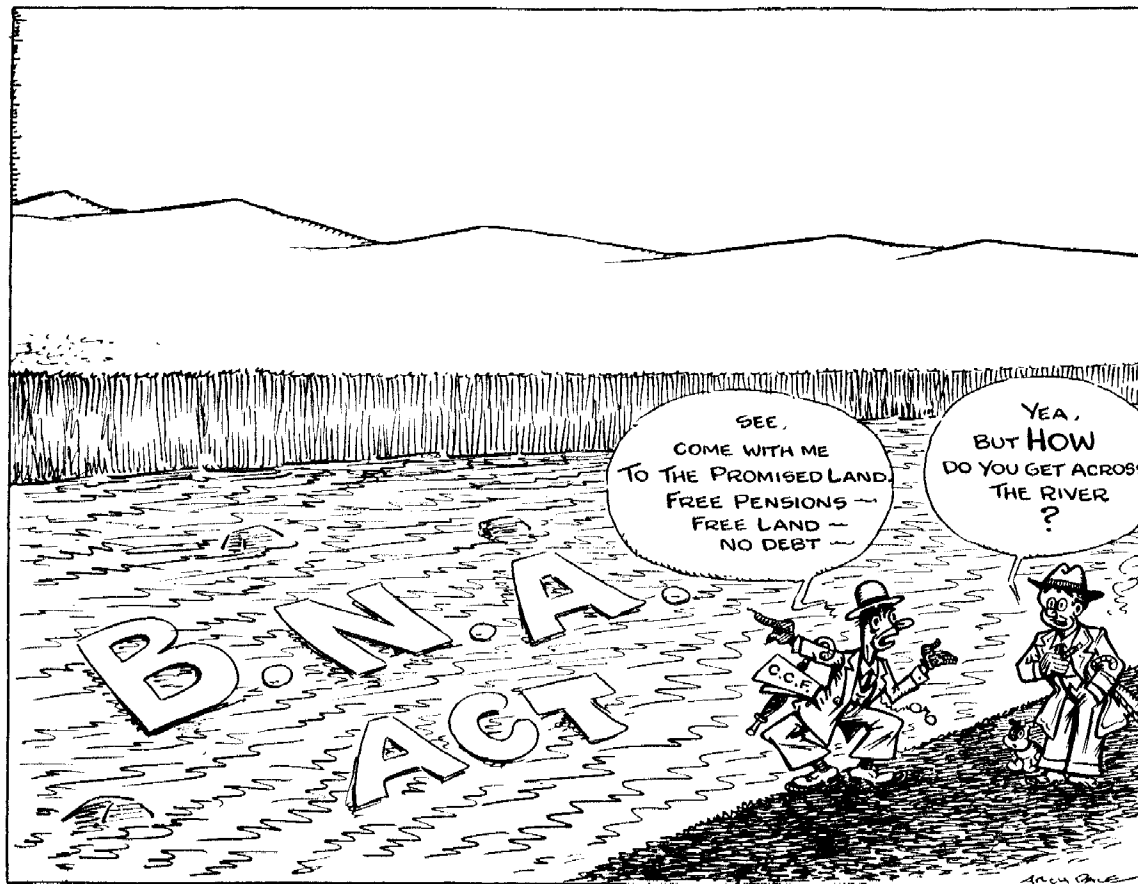
IT'S "AMALGAMATION" IN ANY LANGUAGE

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Scott had a novel plan for dealing with the C.P.R. in "Make this Your Canada." The government would nationalize the railway but the jobs of railway workers would not be endangered, they hastened to point out (with an eye on the railway unions). The C.P.R. would continue to operate as an independent system. Mr. Dale saw this as a queer new way of making an omelet in which you did not have to break the shells of the eggs.



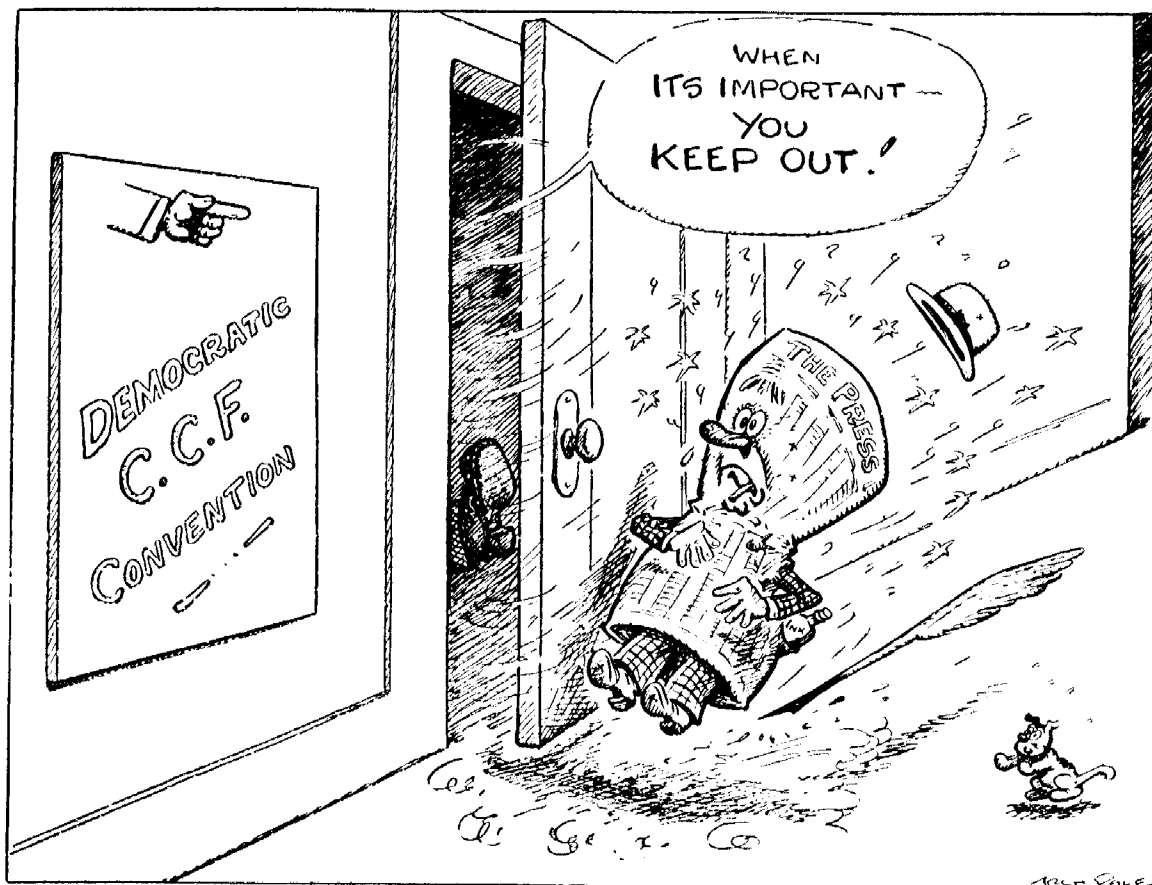
LET THEM FIGHT IT OUT TOGETHER

Mr. Dale, with a cartoonist's delight, took a strictly neutral line when the C.C.F. Manitoba convention, morally outraged at the suggestion, rejected the plea of those unspeakable little left wing delinquents, the Labor-Progressives, that they be allowed to affiliate with the party.



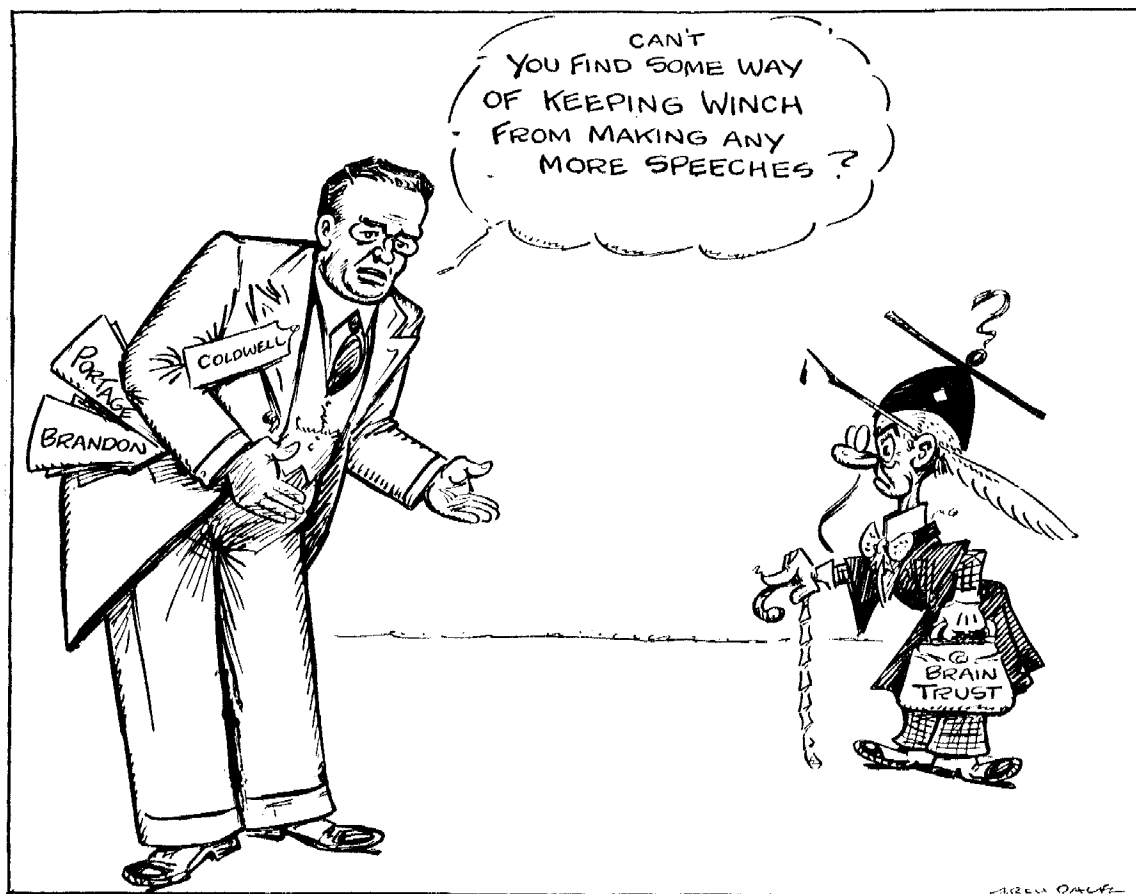
AYE, THERE'S THE RUB

Having listened with interest to Mr. Coldwell and his fellow travellers describing the beauties of the promised land of C.C.F.-dom, Mr. Dale decided late in the fall of 1943 that they had one more river to cross. Total planning meant total control by the central government, but in Canada there were ten governments all jealous of their special domains.



FREEDOM TO STAY OUT

In October, Manitoba C.C.F.-ers gathered in solemn conclave to map the details of true democracy but when important subjects were up for discussion they locked reporters out. Mr. Dale thought this presaged a new and not very pleasant kind of democracy if the party should ever take power.



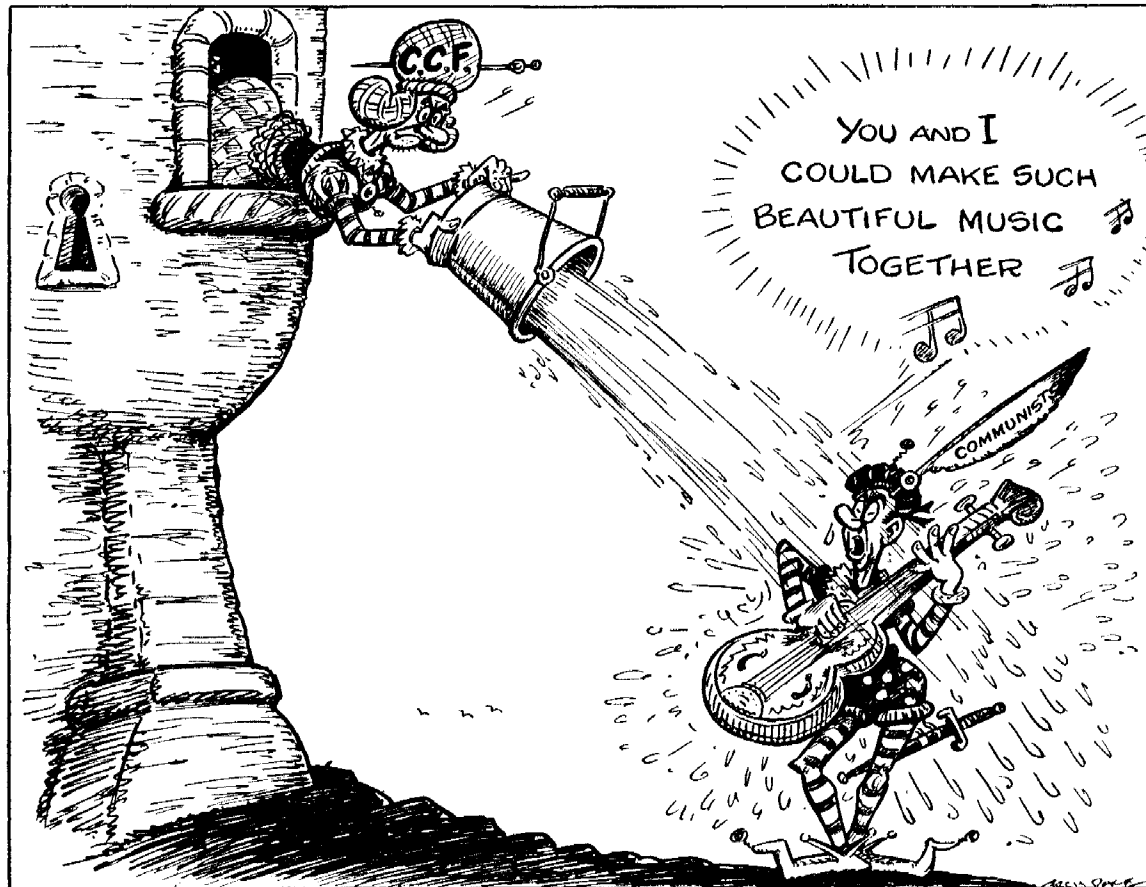
THAT DESPERATE FEELING

Early in November, Mr. Harold Winch, British Columbia leader of the C.C.F. told a heckling Calgary audience that his party, once in power, would not hesitate to use the military and the police on anyone who resisted the achievement of socialism. Mr. Coldwell hastened to put out long statements of what he thought Mr. Winch had intended to say. The incident spectacularly disclosed the yawning chasm which was destined to deepen between the C.C.F.-ers who were total socialists and admitted it and the C.C.F.-ers who were total socialists and did not admit it because they wanted votes.



SPIKING THE NEW YEAR'S PUNCH

Contemplating, with the cartoonist's prescience, the prospects for 1944 Mr. Dale decided that leaders of the C.C.F. would be forced to add something new to the broth they had prepared for the delectation of the Canadian voter.



THE PERSISTENT SERENADER

Having established the policy of embarrassing everyone, the Communists (or, if you will, the Labor Progressives) renewed their plea that they be allowed to affiliate with the C.C.F. in early January of 1944. The national council of the socialist party, as usual taking them seriously, went to great pains to explain why they could not join. Mr. Dale thought the Communists were a pretty strange kind of Romeo serenading a pretty strange kind of Juliet.



"AND TOOK THAT FAREWELL JOURNEY..."

In mid January, irked by the comments of people who could make nothing of the brief reference to Canada's railway problem in the C.C.F. handbook "Make This Your Canada," Mr. Coldwell undertook to expand the policy with respect to the C.P.R. While they would socialize its ownership they would not amalgamate it with the C.N.R. but instead compel the two systems to compete. Under this cartoon appeared words to be sung to the tune of Casey Jones which in part had this to say about Mr. Coldwell:

He looked at the book, and the book was in Greek.
 He sprayed his tonsils and he started to speak
 Said: "Competition comes from deep perdition
 But to get railway votes, boys, I'm for competition."



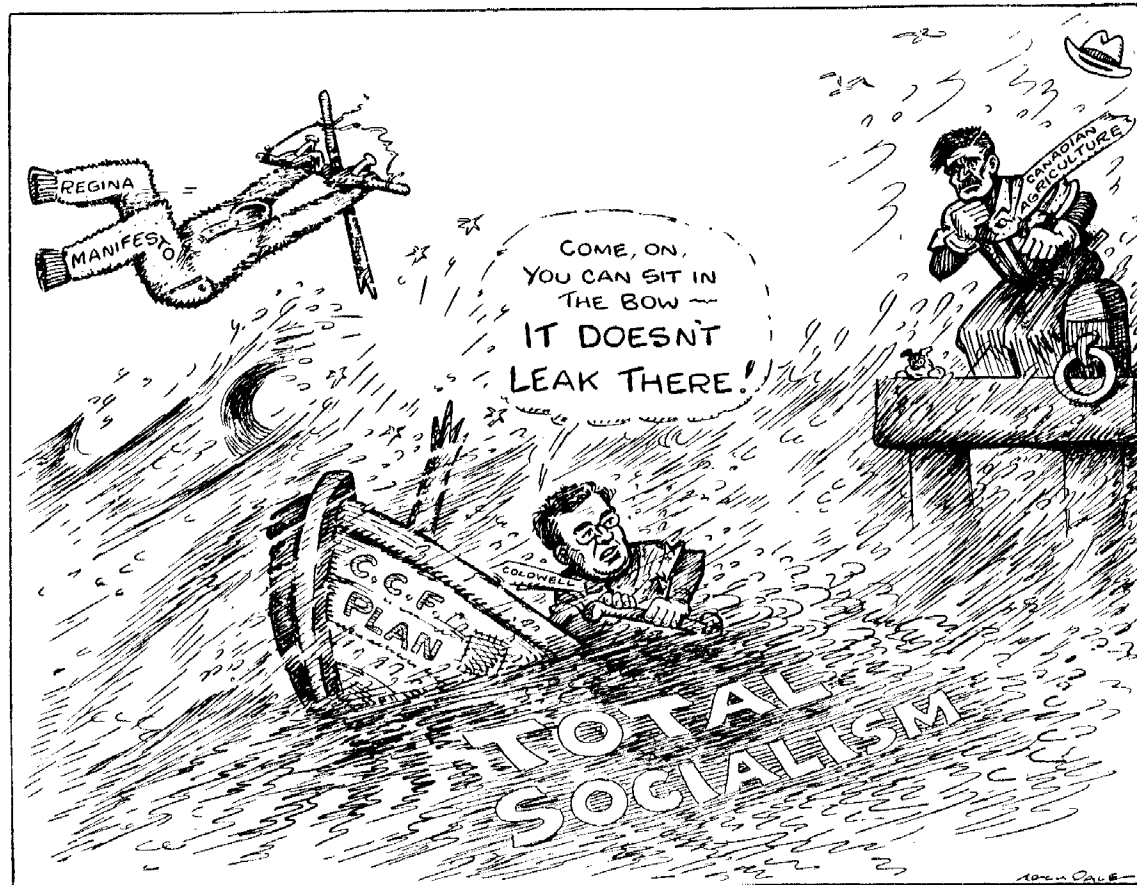
LECTURE IN ECONOMICS

Apparently overlooking the fact that Canada was in the midst of the greatest boom in its history, the men of the Left, having grown up on economic discontent, continued their howls of calamity. Having for years drawn tearful pictures of the farmer and laborer being ground into the dust by the diabolic machinations of the capitalists, they could not believe that things had changed.



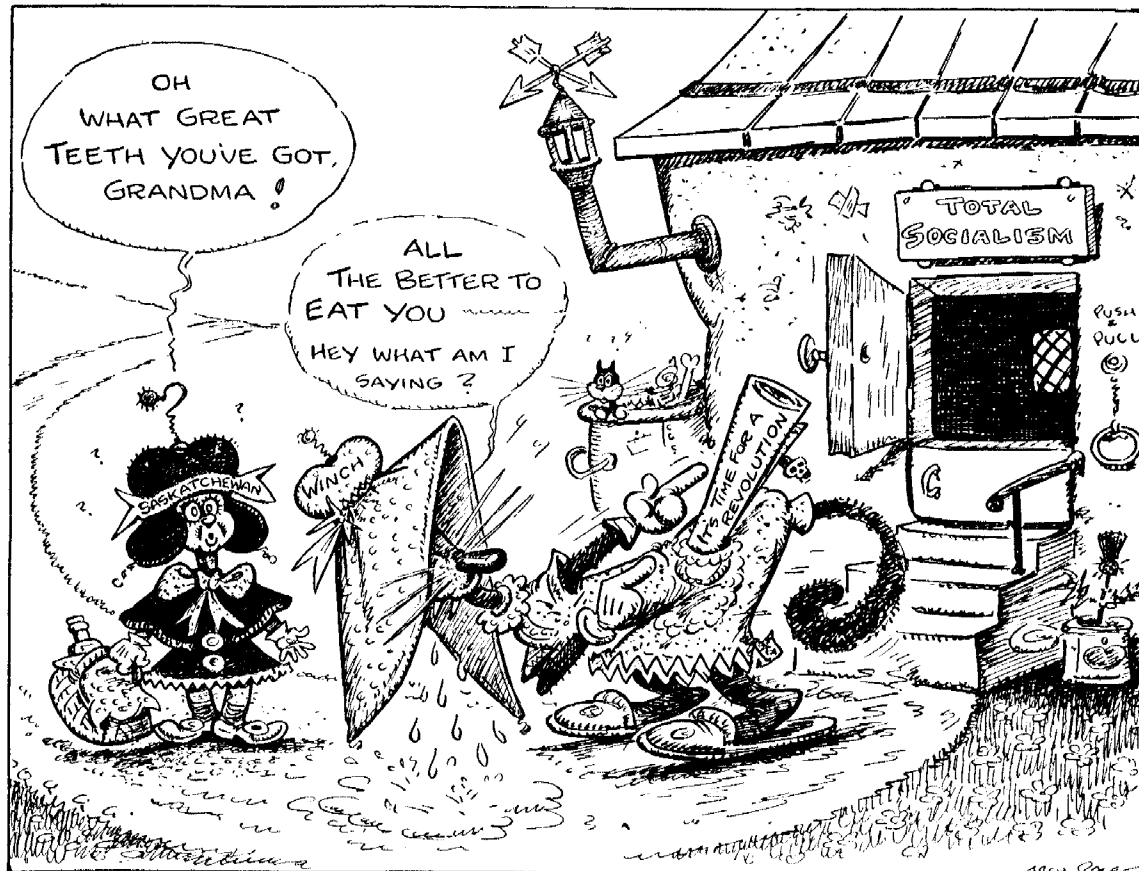
THE BARTENDER'S PRESCRIPTION

Mr. Dale and Mr. Coldwell are seldom in agreement; but on the subject of the dangers inherent in cartels they see eye to eye. But Mr. Dale and the Free Press long ago decided that the way to prevent harmful cartels was to prevent them forming. Mr. Coldwell, on the other hand, has a different plan. He would eliminate cartels by forming cartels to end all cartels—all industry under him would be government-operated monopolies. In the spring of 1944 Mr. Dale thought that Mr. Canadian ought to consider this point.



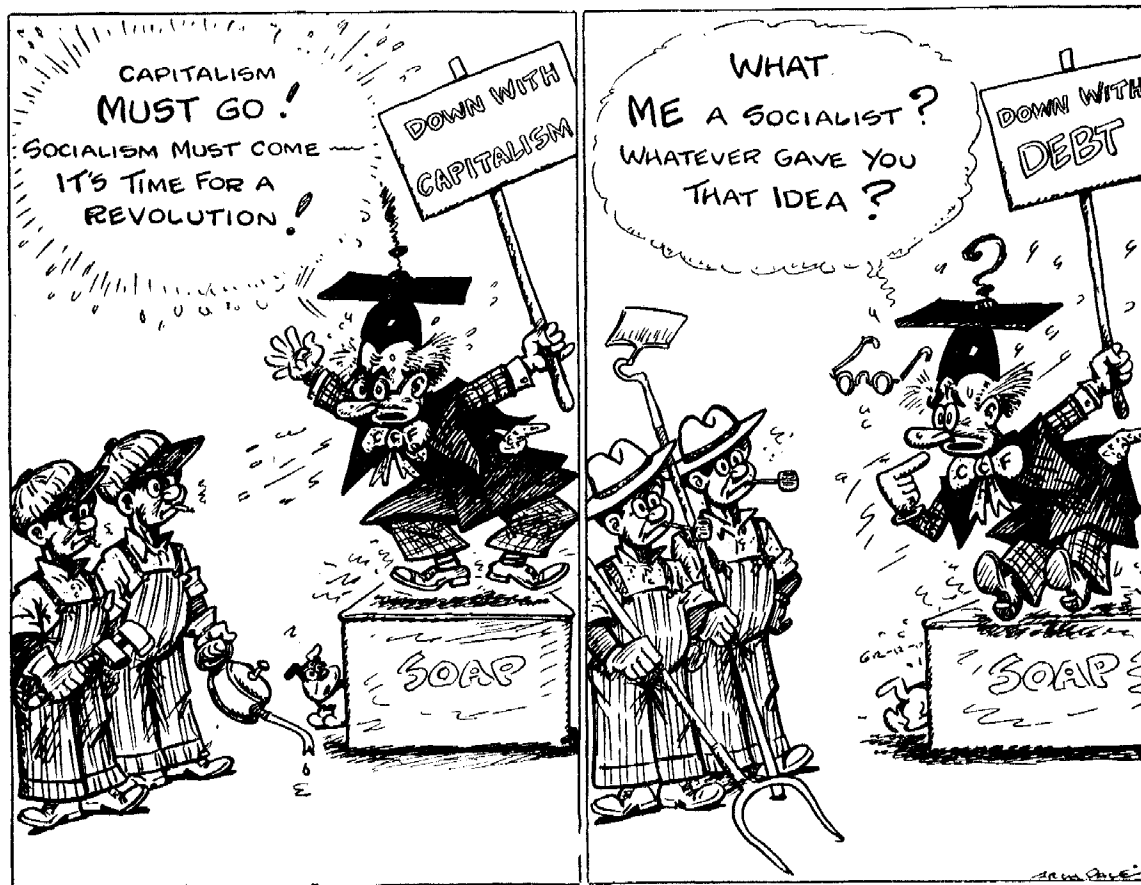
WHAT A HOPE

As spring 1944 became summer, the heat of the election campaign in Saskatchewan began to rise. Mr. Dale noted with interest the basic strategy of the C.C.F. Mr. Coldwell, it seemed to him, was on the verge of foundering in the sea of total socialism. But he was asking the farmers of the west to entrust him with their affairs, promising that they alone would be spared in the general scheme of socialization.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD—1944 VERSION

But while Mr. Douglas and Mr. Coldwell were busily placating the fears of their farm voters about nationalization plans, the renowned Mr. Harold Winch of British Columbia was preparing to enter the battle. Mr. Dale saw him as a rather indiscreet Big Bad Wolf who might at any time, under pressure of hecklers, deviate from his carefully prepared, party-approved texts, to preach his own brand of revolution as he had in Calgary.



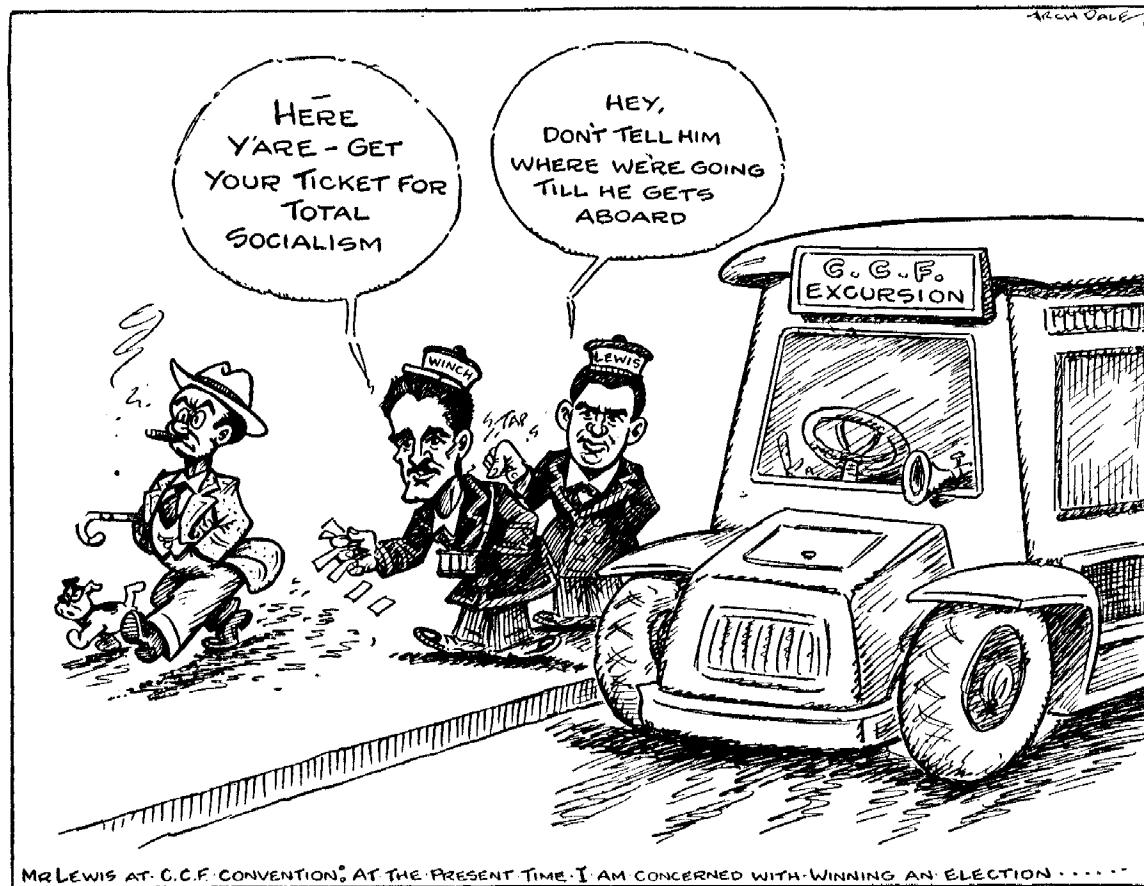
IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE AUDIENCE

Mr. Dale made up his mind that the trouble with Mr. Winch, from the party's viewpoint was not that he said the wrong things but rather that he said them at the wrong time. He should, thought Mr. Dale in this cartoon, play like his colleagues. He should preach total revolution to the laborers and agrarian capitalism to the farmers. That was the way to get votes.



HE DID NOT LEAVE ANYTHING OUT

Greatly heartened by the success of his party in Saskatchewan Mr. Coldwell approached a C.B.C. microphone to tell the people of Canada why they should make him Prime Minister. Having promised them housing, water power, highways, education, health, food, foreign trade, jobs, pensions, wages, allowances and hospitals all in the space of half an hour he was, of course, too short of time to explain where he would get the money to do all this. Mr. Dale observed that the performance represented a great deal of thought—as far as it went.



HOW CANDID OF MR. LEWIS

By late November locomotives converging on Montreal from all over Canada were belching pink smoke as they pulled delegates to the national C.C.F. convention. The big news of the meeting came when Mr. David Lewis, the national secretary, speaking for the political leaders as opposed to the Brain Trusters, irked by criticism that he was relinquishing the true spirit of socialism, told delegates that he was as much for total socialism as ever Mr. Winch was but added—"at the present, I am concerned with winning an election." Mr. Dale lost no time in directing attention to this open rift which he had long been predicting.



RE-LABELLING THE STOCK

In spite of the strong resistance of the purist forces, political opportunism, in the guise of Mr. Lewis, carried the day and when the convention produced its 19-point platform Mr. Dale decided that it was just a new label for old goods—the old goods being total socialism.



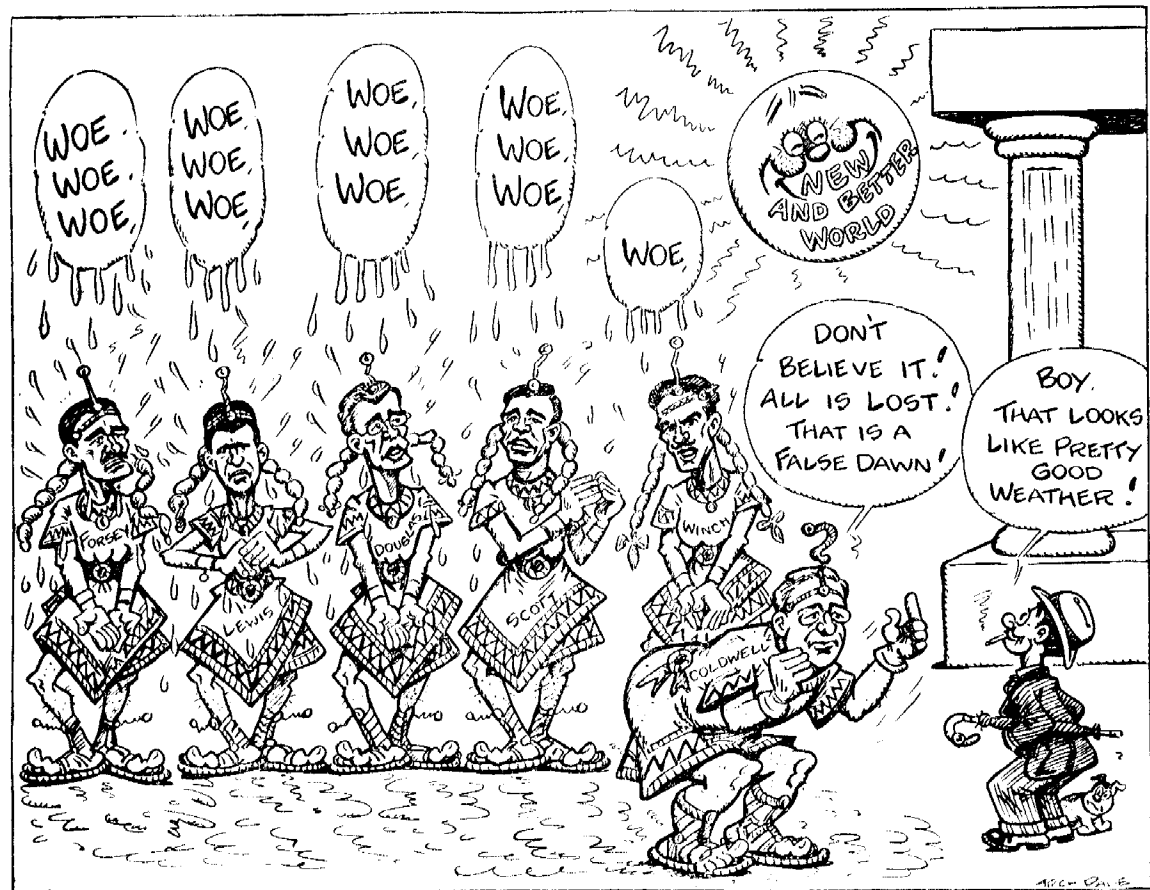
TROUBLES OF A FAMILY MAN

By the time 1945 rolled in with its general election not far off Mr. Dale was warning the Canadian voter that he might well be diffident about renting his house to that smooth and engaging Mr. Coldwell. For had he not fathered some strange children in 1944? asked Mr. Dale. However much Mr. Coldwell might disown such delinquents as Mr. Winch, Mr. Douglas (who might soon be running a horse meat factory in Saskatchewan) and the incorrigible Mr. Lewis, there they all were, nevertheless, as large as life and twice as embarrassing.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The C.C.F. chieftains were soon disowning another batch of unwanted children for in February of this year a rebellion broke loose against party discipline. Young C.C.F.-ers decided that by running in every riding the party was doing its best to assure the election of a Tory government. Had this not already happened in North Grey? they asked. Convinced that they would never get a fair hearing if the party rulers could prevent it, the dissidents, led by Manitoba M.L.A.'s Dr. Johnson and Berry Richards, told their story to the people directly. The only comeback that Mr. Lewis could quickly think of was to brand them Communists.



THE GREEK CHORUS

Spring 1945 brought many encouraging portents of a better world to a people at war but Mr. Dale was surprised to find that the C.C.F. bosses preferred to look upon these as phonies. For spring also brought with it news of a general election and the depression-born party was wondering how best to catch votes. With the facility of long practice the bosses reverted to their ancient roles of calamity howlers. In spite of the good news the future was gloomy indeed unless they themselves were entrusted with it.

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DALE ARCH
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ARCH DALE OF THE WINNIPEG FREE
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Dale, Arch.
The left and the right with
Arch Dale of the Winnipeg Free
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